

# NIGHT OF THE LIVING



THAT'S NOT  
THE USUAL  
PIZZA BOY...

# Woroni

"THREE BEERS AND THE TRUTH"

## Crazy Dog Bites Back

Dear Editors,  
I am well and truly gobsmacked. I write a straightforward letter to my friendly campus paper voicing my concerns about the attitude towards past, present and future contributors, and am rewarded with a reply which ignores my substantive points in favour of an unfair, emotive and grossly defamatory (or so my lawyers from Sue, Grabbit & Runne assure me) attack on my unblemished, nay virginal, reputation. I crave your readers' indulgence and yours to make a few points and factual corrections.

1. My original letter published in the last issue of *Woroni* questioned my abrupt dismissal from the job of reviewing records, but was more concerned with a seemingly offhand attitude towards contributors in general, and a lack of direction from the editors (who I appreciate are still learning on the job). The response from Alan was to answer my first point with name-calling and to ignore the second. Mine was not the first letter from a pissed-off contributor (see Issues 2 and 3) and at this rate may well not be the last.

2. On the vexed issue of my personal behaviour: my main complaint with my page was and remains the editing done on my piece. My work is conceived of and written as a whole, and is best edited by selectively deleting sentences rather than by wholesale slaughter of paragraphs. During the layout stage I found that the editing (which I appreciate had to be done for reasons of space) was less than satisfactory. I expressed this to Alan and offered to re-edit, only to be told that the original of my work had been thrown away, and that the mutilated copy had to stand. I was less than thrilled but my main concern was to maintain a working relationship — to negotiate, not intimidate. To that end, I visited him to express my concerns, and tried to resolve what in reality should never have been a big problem anyway. I asked for one of two things: either the freedom to go onto two pages, or a word count which I then would keep to. The first was totally rejected — which is fair enough — but the second eminently reasonable suggestion was ignored. The only answer I could get to my queries was that Alan, poor lambkin, hadn't been to bed. Due to my arrogance, nastiness, lack of tact etc etc, I became tired of this evasion, and resolved to learn Ready Set Go and layout my own page (another editor offered to help me do this).

3. Alan presented me in his reply as a bizarre mix of Margaret Thatcher, Lady Macbeth and Attila the Hun. I will admit to being occasionally arrogant and abrasive but — and this is the important bit so read it carefully kiddies — *I only am when I have to be*. When I was talking with Alan I was careful to express my concerns firmly but amicably, with a touch of friendly banter into the bargain. I did not mean to intimidate or scare Alan but it would appear I did, for which I can only offer my apologies.

4. I was careful when writing my letter to avoid using names of editors. My intention was to raise some issues, not to humiliate anyone in front of the student community, despite the characterisation of my letter as "another letter of abuse". It is commendable that Alan chose to step forward and identify himself as the uncommunicative editor. However, in his eagerness to do so, he forgot the rules: a contributor who writes under a pseudonym can only be named with her/his permission. Thus he has no power to identify me without my consent. This consent was not solicited; thus there was neither explicit nor implied consent. Pseudonyms are used by contributors for reasons of their own. If these reasons are not respected, your more timid contributors may well decide not to take the risk of

writing when their legitimate requests for anonymity may be ignored.

5. The dismissal (dismissal? Don't tell me Alan's John Kerr! Even worse, I might be Gough Whitlam!) was not "cleared with the other editors"; it was presented to them as a *fait accompli*. If it was a group decision, perhaps the reply in the last *Woroni* should have been signed by all the editors, to whom the original letter was addressed.

6. er...

7. That's it. At this point, it's obviously just a question of whose version of events is believed. I look forward to the hatchet job masquerading as a right of reply.

Yours with my tail between my legs,  
CRAZY DOG

Ah, what it is to get intelligent, eloquent letters—superior to our usual run-of-the-mill missives. I shall endeavour to be equally lucid in reply, dealing with points as they were risen.

1. In response to your kind concern for our contributors, I made a brief survey of approximately half our current mob. 40% "are completely satisfied with the treatment received from *Woroni*", 50% "are satisfied with the treatment received from *Woroni*" and one said "it'd be better if you paid us, schmuck." It seems (fortunately) that your fears are ill-founded. In fact, we have so many contributors and so much material we had to chop 12 pages from the last issue (we couldn't afford to print the lot). This is the first time I have ever known a *Woroni* team to have been flooded with material.

2. Your idea of negotiation is perhaps better left to the football field. I agreed to a word count, but told you I *didn't know* how many words fitted onto a page. Nor, with a number of weeks to go before our next issue, was I going to count them there and then. Incidentally when you say "layout stage" you neglect to mention this was two hours before *Woroni* as due to print.

3. I suggest you ask a good friend, "in all honesty, when I am firm but amicable, do I look like Lady Macbeth?"

4. I apologize for actually naming you. I was endeavouring to make the situation open so people could make their own minds up—naturally, if someone does not want to be named, we don't print it. But you didn't ever request your name be kept secret, and anyway if you feel so strongly about your sacking why hide behind a pseudonym?

5. On a Sunday afternoon I asked Malcolm and Fiona how they would feel about replacing you, for assorted reasons. They didn't mind. If they had, some other solution would have had to be found. Three of five editors=democratic majority. And Alister and Sarah were later informed. Their not being at that meeting made it difficult to approach them simultaneously—in any case, they had no strong feelings on the subject.

6. You too, eh?

7. Does it matter "whose versions of events is believed"? By taking away your record reviews after a year, have I shattered your career? Will my autobiographers note that the stress of this sordid episode caused me cancer of the bowel? I doubt it.

We could probably write back and forth all year but the populace would tire of it rapidly. Perhaps we should accept that as mutual admirers we are failures and get on with other affairs. Once again, thank you for your concern,

ALAN

## About Samantha T...

Has Samantha T ever lived on campus? If this were the case she would know better than to present isolated events as everyday occurrences on Daley Road.

I am referring to the incidents depicted in Samantha's last letter concerning life on campus. It is true, such acts are gross violations of an individual's rights (not to mention common sense) made by immature shits. But these men are exceptions to the rule.

Last year I was the only female living in my side of the corridor. This year I am one of two females. Despite a shared bathroom I have never been sexually harassed, physically or verbally. (No, I don't look like a bush-pig) I have never seen or heard of such outrageous and perverted behaviour where I live.

Stop sensationalising Samantha. Stop slagging my neighbours off. Life on campus is a very rewarding lifestyle that teaches you a lot about co-operation and mutual understanding and respect for those that you live with.

MICHELLE COOPER

## ...and what Samantha T has to say.

Eds,

Is this a joke? Last Monday, Jodie Foster's *The Accused* was on TV. There's a scene in this film in which her character's attorney visits the bar and inspects the pinball machine upon which the victim was raped. Her view lingers on the graphic decorating the machine's scoreboard. It's a picture of an attractive woman sitting in a basketball hoop, casting a sultry smile down at the players. The name of this pinball machine is 'Slam-Dunk'. The viewer is patently being invited to connect the values expressed in this 'art' and what was done to Foster's character.

Immediately after that scene the station cut to an ad break. As luck would have it, Monday night also saw the beginning of a saturation promotion of the Sheraton Casino in Queensland. The ad for this resort repeatedly focuses on a woman's wet T-Shirt clad breasts. These otherwise charming tits have nothing to do with the facilities of the resort, they're just a means of displaying Sheraton's logo.

Normally, I find adverts break up the flow of movies on TV. It's very rare to find them actually helping the movie make its point. Someone at Sheraton *really* understands the concept of objectification.

Yours, in revolt,

SAMANTHA T.

## Regarding prostitution

Dear Woroni,

I am concerned about the latest issue of *Woroni* (#4). The interview 'Prostitution is a dirty word' was biased and gave a bad impression of parlours (brothels). For a start the clients are checked for disease and there is no sex without condoms and you made no comment or question on the cleanliness of the premises. What is dirty about this form of prostitution?

In complying with sleaze issue regulations you failed. The word sleaze is used out of context throughout *Woroni*. According to the McQuarie [sic] Dictionary 'Sleazy' means—shabby, shoddy, untidy or grubby. If you want to report on sleazy, the downstairs Union bar is a prime candidate.

I think calling someone 'Fatman' is very rude. I am sure people of your, supposed, intelligence could come up with a more imaginative and endearing name.

The question of moral justification is way out of line. If two consenting parties make a financial transaction for services rendered what is wrong with that?

The buyer has had contact with an understanding person, good company, a boost to their egos and the pleasure of spending. The seller gets monetary benefit and job satisfaction. The only occasion where one of the parties misses out is if a drunk is taken advantage of. A good question would have been "do you serve drunks?" Now, back to the moral issue. Is there a difference between formal prostitution and a girl getting friendly with some smart guy so she can get assistance in a subject she is failing in? Prostitution is better because both parties know where they stand. How about knocking off someone who is rich for their money and telling them that you really like, or even love, them, and you don't. How about knocking off a librarian to get your overdue loans extended, this is probably morally alright so long as no-one is misled or hurt. On morals, I think *Woroni* does a lot of cruel things. You take the piss out of people because of their beliefs or the way they dress. You even take the piss out of foresters who have dedicated their lives to the sustained production of wood for the benefit of the community. Which is difficult when dickheads waste paper on the publication of biased, smart arse, issues of *Woroni* like the latest one.

AN EX-WORONI READER.

### WORONI ISSUE #5

Editorial team: Alister Grieson, Malcolm Leggat, Fiona Macdonald, Sarah Backhouse, Alan Singh and David Watson here is a namecheck.

Cover: Cover Issue #3: Jo!

With thanks to: Liz, Phil, Ben, Sam T, Crazy Dog, Michelle C, John from PARS, Ralph R, Ralph W, Theodore, ANU Greens, Andrew M, Theresa D, Adam S, Simon H, Kirstin P, and all the lads at Liquorland.

Letters to *Woroni* are gladly received, but *must* have a name. Names will be withheld upon request. Deadline next issue: 5 June

# Fiona's Despair and Woroni's Chaos: Yep, the Oracle's Back.

Phew. I'm out of it for a week or so and everybody goes crazy. I've almost been scared to go near the *Woroni* office these past few days, what with Crazy Dog lurking outside the window with a throwing-knife waiting for Alan to turn his back, strangled cries from down the corridor as yet another SA saboteur sent to secretly demolish the Womens Room gets nailed by the spring-loaded poison needle trap cunningly secreted in the keyhole, and odd characters in dark suits with sunglasses, shoulder holsters and American accents who are apparently here delivering funds to the Libs' top-secret fight-the-socialists fund. (One anonymous supporter gave in kind, leaving the Liberals with the problem of disposing of several crates of jungle-warfare gear and a list of reliable mercenaries. Can anyone put them onto a good buyer?) Philip Halton has been prowling around looking through every keyhole he can find (except for the Womens Room one, which he found out about in time) in search of his next story, a well-thumbed copy of Derryn Hinch's *Blockbuster Investigative Reporting Made Easy* tucked under one arm, Blind Boy Benny has locked himself in the filing cabinet to keep me from selling him (he apparently found out what I wrote about him last time) and hundreds of eager first-years are flocking into the office wanting to research the next slew of sex articles. I've tried telling Alan that I didn't want him to go that overboard back in my first article, but he just leered at me. I know I

shouldn't have gone off and let things get into this state in the first place, I should have been back here writing something for last issue, but I was on an urgent personal crusade.

About the beginning of the holidays I was accosted by Fiona Macdonald, the shy, solemn, socially-aware co-editor of *Woroni*. What she apparently wanted was a cause: something new, something spiffy and marketable, to set *Woroni* apart from all those other tedious intellectual journals one sees being peddled about campus by people who think the clapped-out derelict students in the Refectory want to actually read something demanding, with their finger-buns and coffee. (I don't intend to repeat here the jokes I hear in the *Woroni* office about fingers and buns, so don't ask me). Fiona told me that the Cause had to be interesting, entertaining and something she could do a great big feature on, and so that's where I was when I should have been preparing from something witty and fascinating for last issue. (Alan told me last issue wouldn't have had the space for me last issue anyway, but he's just getting mean 'cos I wouldn't call the police to have Crazy Dog removed from outside the window).

So what I put Fiona onto first was getting Alan to stop putting all those annoying little bold-face captions in my articles that break up the flow and waste space, which was speedily accomplished by jamming a Pacer pencil through his hand every time he tried to fool with the layout controls on the computer. Too speedily accomplished, in fact: by the following day she was at me to find her another one.

Okay. I suggested she go track down Students for Food, a bunch who you may remember complained to this paper last year of being starved in their colleges due to inadequate pizza delivery services, and whose plight could become a worthy Cause indeed. Big mistake. I'd forgotten what those colleges are like. Fiona came back saying that after the noises she'd heard through the door, the only way she was going back into any of those places was if I sent Ripper Higgins, who does a commando-self-defence workshop at

the Sports Union, along with her. No way. I'm assured that Ripper was framed on those last two homicides, but he definitely did at least three before that. He even terrifies me over the phone.

So how about parking? It's not right that the University of Canberra people get all the newspaper coverage about their car problems, especially when the ANU had all the exciting vandalism accusations. (All those first-years who don't know what that referred to can sod off. I'm not bloody explaining everything). That suggestion got me a long lecture on the evils of the motor-car, lead pollution, noise pollution, yuppies in little Japanese buggies, and lack of sympathy. By now I thought she was getting a little hard-to-please, so I asked her why she really wanted a new Cause, and she mumbled something

about "Alan's notes".

That was when it kind of clicked. You see, Fiona had stumbled across an old set of Alan's Introduction to Philosophy notes, which have this idea of causes in them. Now the Philosophy Department will correct me if I'm wrong, but I understand the notion to be something like: everything in the universe must have been caused by something, and if nothing caused you (ie you don't have a cause) you logically do not exist. Actually the Philosophy Department won't correct me since they won't see this article, being unable to read anything except logic notation and Greek, but that's the idea. Fiona, I discovered by diligent detective work, read this by chance one very drunk night at Alan's [sic] and got the idea that if she didn't have a Cause she'd disappear, a la *Back to the*

*Future*, a prospect that's made her very anxious indeed. Now my own impulse about this is to blame Alan, who apparently gave her the idea in the first place, but I'm going to be constructive and ask for anyone able to disprove that particular theory to write to *Woroni* and tell us about it, since this is affecting Fiona's work. *Legible* answers please, and reasonably brief.

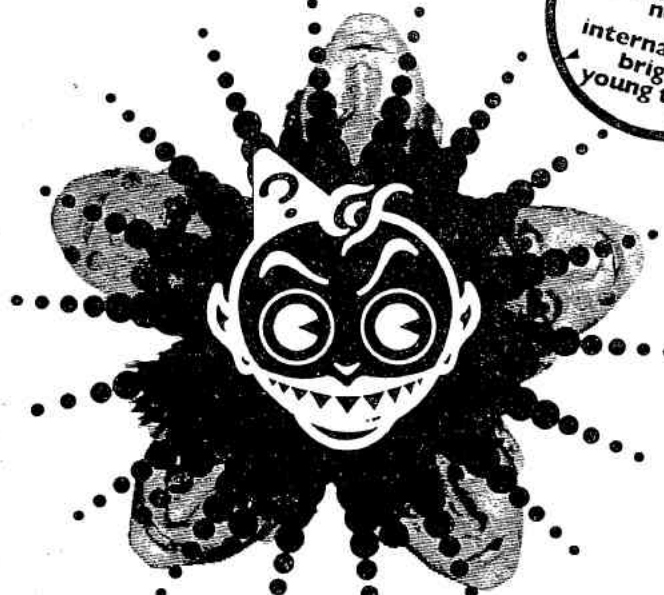
Oh, and if you see Fiona around campus, don't tell her she's looking faint around the edges. It's not in good taste.

The Oracle  
Will  
Return!

# JESUS JONES

New Album  
doubt

Featuring  
real real real  
right here right  
now  
international  
bright  
young thing



WED 29 MAY

A.N.U. Refectory  
plus Caligula & The Pheromones



Tickets on sale now from  
BASS & The Students Union



Is this Fiona?  
You betcha.

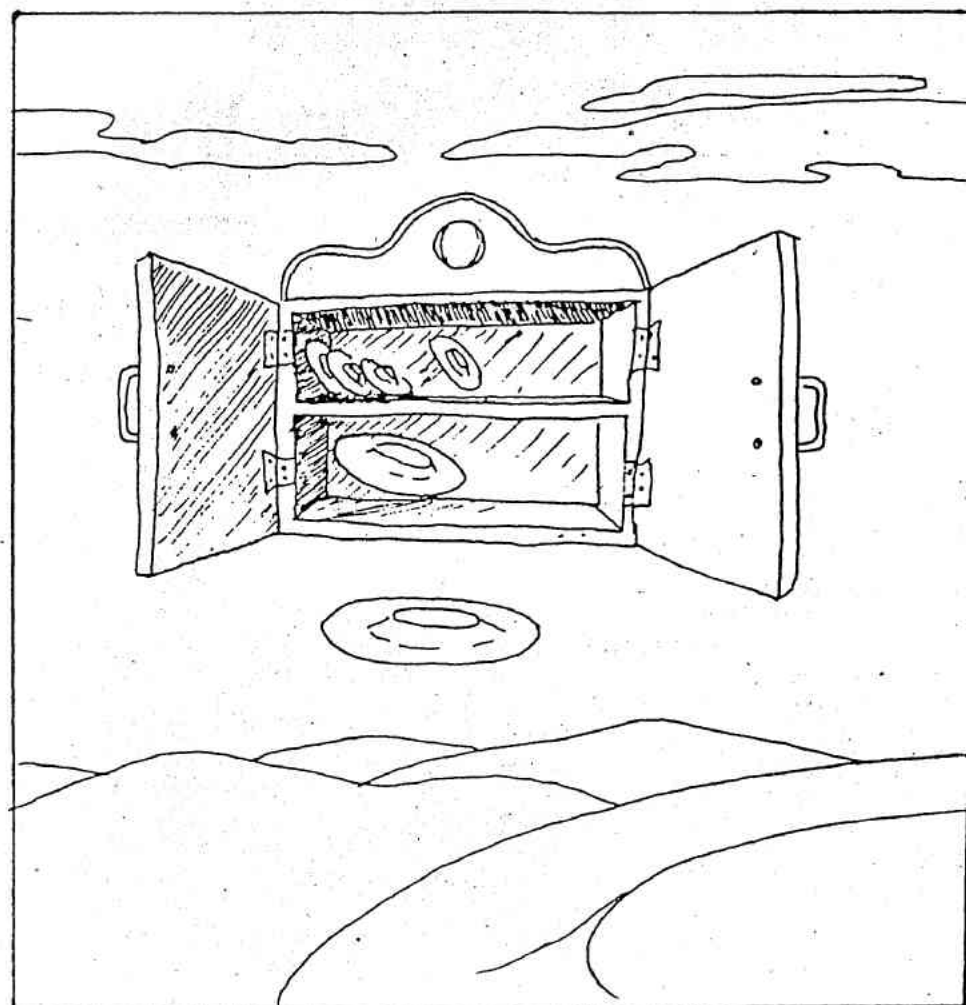
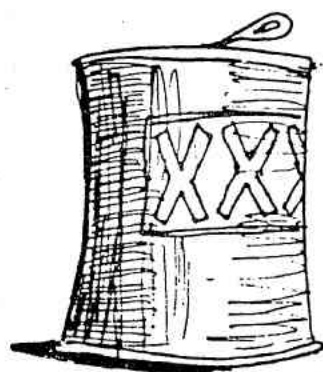
— ★ — Debut No.1 UK Charts — ★ —  
EMI

# Campus stuff...

**DO YOU LIKE FALAFEI?  
DO YOU LIKE BEER?**

**A.U.J.S.**

has arrived in Canberra and is holding a  
**FALAFEL AND BEER**  
night in conjunction with it's  
annual general meeting  
so come along on 27th of MAY 7:00pm in  
the BRIDGE ROOM(ANU Union)  
**DO NOT MISS THIS EVENT...!**  
**FALAFELS, BEER, NEW PEOPLE!!**  
**WRITE THIS DATE DOWN!!!**  
FOR ANY INFO CALL,  
RINAT: 25 32 316 (H) 295 1052 (W)  
OR MIKE: 2815076 (H)  
IMPORTANT Please bring \$6 member-  
ship! (new members)  
**BYO POISON!!!**



**The mothership**

## STUDENT ASSOCIATION GENERAL MEETING

Wednesday 5 June  
6pm  
The Bridge

*New Constitution to  
be debated*

## FOUND: BICYCLE

MENS 10 SPEED RACER FOUND IN  
MIDDLE OF SOUTH OVAL NEXT TO  
BARRY DRIVE TENNIS COURTS.  
Ring 257 1956 Ask for Peter

# ECO/COMBALL

30th MAY

HAVE YOU GOT YOUR  
TICKET YET?

# Campus stuff...



## An Australian Institution

"Get your B and S tickets here!"

"B and S? What's a B and S?" I asked, innocently.

"Well, it stands for 'Bachelors and Spinsters.' It's basically a big party, usually held in a barn or a woolshed. You pay thirty bucks up front and then drink and dance all night. Spirits, wine, beer, everything. Plus a band, the Sweaty Palms."

"Sounds interesting."

"They're also known as 'Beer and Sexes.'"

"Really....."

**Carnage. Debauchery. Fornication. People throwing glasses of bourbon and Coke on each other. Copious amounts of alcohol had turned ordinary uni students into a veritable army of intoxicated party zombies with only two priorities— drinking and sleazing.**

Would I attend this debacle? Would I go and get totally drooling blind purely in the interest of passing on the experience to the folks back home? Would I sacrifice my liver for you, dear reader?

Strictly on the grounds of inter-cultural research, I decided to attend.

Everyone told me to go out and get some cheap, able-to-be-ruined, black-and-white clothes— apparently, every article of clothing worn to a B and S ends up soaked with beer and other bodily fluids, and black and white were the only colors permitted.

So off to the Op-Shop I went. I was looking for something inexpensive yet elegant, affordable yet tasteful.

I ended up purchasing a pair of dazzling black-and-white-striped baggy pants that resembled one of those color-blindness tests you take at the opticians when you get your eyes checked. Combined with a white school shirt, obviously well-used due to the lovely yellow sweat stains under the armpits, and a borrowed bow tie, I must say I cut a dashing figure in the dim moonlight waiting for the B and S bus to appear.

The flatulence of air brakes heralded the arrival of our motorcoach. The scene resembled fans trying to get into the standing room only section at a typical English soccer match. Everyone packed on, only to hear the annoying voice of the bus

driver announce that he was only licensed to carry "Forty-four seated passengers, folks" —and those left standing would have to get off.

So the unlucky ones —myself included —poured off the bus. The green Murray's coach carrying the chosen ones rumbled off into the night.

So I waited. Waited some more. Went to the bathroom. Came back. Checked that I still had the two most recommended items for a B and S —my condom and my room key.

Finally, the bus roared around the corner and the rest of us piled in. Fifteen minutes later, the bus doors opened and we stampeded towards the woolshed.

After handing the bouncer my ticket and receiving a plastic wristband at the door, I stepped inside and began to absorb the sights of my first B and S.

Carnage. Debauchery. Fornication. People throwing glasses of bourbon and Coke on each other. Copious amounts of alcohol had turned ordinary uni students into a veritable army of intoxicated party zombies with only two priorities— drinking and sleazing.

This was Australian culture at its finest.

I couldn't wait to join in. Shouldering my way to the bar, I grabbed two dark fizzing drinks and slugged them down. Two more. Another four. Half a beer—the rest I shook up and spilled all over someone. More drinks. Ten, twelve... the stack of cups in my hands kept rising.

Until the beat of the music took hold of me. The band had started playing and my hips had begun to twitch. Grabbing the nearest female, I began to dance.

Not just dance, however. I mean, usually I manage the usual White Man Stomp —step right, step left, bite lower lip with teeth and bob head like a pigeon in a vain attempt to stay in rhythm. But tonight, tonight was different. My hips began to

thrust forward in ways they never have before —well, once before, but it's a long story involving non-dairy whipped topping, and I don't want to get into it right now. Anyway, there I was, dirty dancing like Patrick Swayze with a testosterone problem. I think I gyrated my pelvis towards everything and anything female. A vicious story was going around that several people saw me perambulate suggestively up to one of the shed's wooden posts and whisper into a knothole, "Say... you got any American in you? You want some?" —but it's all lies, lies, lies.

Because, after a few more drinks, I was no longer at the B and S. Nope. As the umpteenth glass of gin and lemonade trickled down my throat, my brain decended through my spinal cord into my groin and I became HORMONAL MAN.

Yes, Hormonal Man, more powerful than a locomotive as he pushes his way to the bar. Hormonal Man, able to sleaze on not one, not two, but three women in a single bound. Hormonal Man, faster than a speeding bullet —well, let's hope not.

And my alter-ego raged on through the night, breaking cups, breaking hearts, almost breaking his neck as he stumbled down the stairs in search of a tree. But as all good things must come to an end, finally, at about three in the morning, he retreated back into my inner psyche and mild-mannered me returned, oblivious to all of H.M.'s naughty actions.

Of course, I was to be held accountable the morning after. And as the sun washed

a bizarre, piranha-like bite mark on my upper chest.

Not to worry. One of my neighbors rushed into my room and began to ask detailed questions concerning my activities the night before. When all I could do was mumble "Could you talk a little quieter?" and point to my aching head, she began to tell me what I had done —because, she said as she backed out of the room, smiling evilly, "Everybody in college knows."

Yes, Hormonal Man had met his arch-enemy, Rumor Guy. Rumor Guy seemed to possess almost everyone in the whole damn college over the next two days and transform them into information experts. Everyone seemed to know who and what I had sleazed with and how many times. They knew how I had gotten those stains on my shirt. They knew about that incident in the middle of the dance floor when Hormonal Man had assumed complete control of my bodily will. And no matter how I protested, that it wasn't me, that Hormonal Man had entered my body and warped me into a walking fountain of testosterone, they wouldn't listen.

So watch out. He's inside all of us. And at the gulp of a shot or the drop of an innuendo, Hormonal Man (or Woman) can get loose and cause all kinds of trouble —trouble that your friends will never, ever let you forget about, trouble you'll take to your grave —although, when your life flashes before your eyes and you remember the particular incident, you'll die with a smile on your face. But to return to the

**Rumor Guy seemed to possess everyone in the whole college over the next two days... Everyone seemed to know who and what I had sleazed with and how many times.**

over my closed, bloodshot eyes, I slumped down in my chair, eyed the mysterious stains on my underwear, and tried to remember the events that had transpired the night before. Tried to figure out why my shirt had so many buttons missing, why its color had changed to a brownish shade of bourbon. Pondered the sticky, gooey mass on top of my head which had passed for hair mere hours before. Attempted to fathom how and why I had awakened with

ominous tone of the previous sentence: Beware, dear reader, of the Man With The Glands who lurks in the deep recesses of our minds!! Because if Hormonal Man escapes, you'll come face to face with the dreaded Rumor Guy who will never, ever shut up about what you did the night before.

—Mike Carlson

*All misspellings have been left in to convince you of the authenticity of the writer. WE know how to spell 'rumour'!*

—EDS

# Campus stuff...

## CRISIS— WHAT CRISIS?

Last issues howsyalovlife survey got some highly interesting answers (and how many were made up? NONE!!) although we were sadly deprived of some of the best ones i.e. "I've just sold the movie rights!" due to the shy and retiring nature of their owners.

Onto other things. Let's talk crisis, let's talk fear, let's talk *worry*. Think of assignments, think of tutorial presentations, think of that essay that's three weeks late tomorrow... are you worried yet? Even for those who can see past immediate personal concerns there's plenty to get anxious about. The environment. The situation in Bangladesh. That thing on LA Law between CJ and Abbey.

With the wild staring eyes of exam stress appearing amongst us, we thought it was about time to corner a few of the more unsuspecting types and hound them into answering the question: *what's the worry?*

I'll be boring and say exams. I can't think of anything else.  
Lack of good booze, lack of good drugs, the Pixies album out in a few months and not tomorrow.  
What am I worried about? Whether I'm going to see Stuie (boyfriend). And exams. And whether I'll get a job from the interviews I've just done.  
Missing my lecture and getting up at seven. That was a worry.  
My girlfriends sore knee.  
I'm slightly worried about History. I never worry. I don't like worrying.  
Why? Have I been grumpy?  
My biggest worry at the moment is renting my house out. That's the first thing that comes to mind. I guess that's not going to be typical.  
In 25 words or less? What's today? Monday... getting my 2,500 word essay written in 4 days, getting a publication out, getting sponsorship for it, going to Perth in December.... I could go on if you wanted me to...  
Spiritual conflict; the eternal battle between good and evil.  
Buying a pair of shoes.  
My essay which I should be in the library doing right now— I'm going right now to soothe my worries.  
Snail pellets in my Cocopops.  
I worry about worry.  
Pollution. It affects us all, and it will affect us all in the next 100 years.  
What's worrying me? Finding out what key areas AIESEC is going to be looking at in it's Cultural Responsibility National Theme this year.  
I'm worried that my sandwiches are still frozen (three hours later: "Don't worry Fiona, they're thawed out now!")  
What worries me is the possibility of not being selected for Melbourne. Debating worries me, debating always worries me.  
Trying to get along with my ex-boyfriend.  
Liberals winning the next election. The prospect terrifies me; but then again, Labor winning the next election worries me too.  
David Suttons body odour (where is it, what's it doing?)  
Another Uranium mine in Australia. that worries me.  
Janes Addiction not coming to Canberra. The very *existence* of 1927. They should be deleted from history.  
That masturbation has been trivialised.  
The price of cocaine.  
Dropping my soap in a B&G shower and picking up a hamster.  
I don't really worry that much.  
The amount I procrastinate.  
Iggy Pop not being in the Top Ten (oh, fuck off, he'll get there one day).  
How anxious I am, that worries me.  
Famine in Africa. Indonesian genocide in East Timor. The war on drugs.  
My mum.  
Money.  
AIDS and the lack of government response. It's been piss weak.  
Pasteurisation of milk.  
Nothing worries me.  
Spelling Janina's surname right.  
I worry that I look like Woody Allen.  
Humans rights abuse. Sexism in condom ads. Derryn Hinch. Fleetwood Mac.  
My worry *girl*, is that I have a REALLY big History essay due and problems coping with it all.  
*That's my worry.*  
At this moment— employment.  
My f\*\*\*ing assignment.  
I've got this recurring dream where I jump out of an aeroplane and when I pull my ripcord, instead of a parachute I get this laughing Jack-In-A-Box. That's a worry.

# Student Green Conference

Was it worth \$66,000 and where is the public report showing where the money went? by J. Grigg

During the May lecture break, a national student conference was held at the ANU to consider the environmental issue.

The outcome was understandably predictable, most notably because the selection criteria for the conference required a willingness to implement the resolutions of the conference. In other words, if you weren't green, you couldn't come!

So it was that the resolutions ranged from the mundane - that all student bodies should have a paid environmental officer - to the more fundamental - that there could be no progress on environmental issues until white Australia returned the sovereignty of Australia to its rightful owners - the Aborigines.

**"Over 25,000 sheets of paper were used at the conference - two days worth of logging"**

But what of the cost - first the environmental cost.

About 180 delegates came from all over Australia to the conference. Australia's best and fastest aircraft delivered them to Sydney where a coach met them to bring them to Canberra. And it was the same for the return journey.

**"Taxpayers chipped in to the tune of \$38,000"**

Whilst they were at the conference, each delegate received on average 70 sheets of bleached white and not recycled A4 paper. Each delegate will also receive a booklet containing all the speeches and resolutions of the conference. It will be about 80 pages long and will, no doubt be printed on the same bleached white A4 paper. For 180 delegates, this amounts to over 25,000 sheets of paper - approximately two days worth of logging in the South-East forests.

And what of the economic cost - certainly flying 180 delegates doesn't come cheap. Costs are not disclosed but it is possible to gain an idea of the costs by examining the income of the conference.

Firstly, there was the money that the generous taxpayers of Australia provided to the conference. Grants of \$20,000 and \$3,000 were received from the Federal and ACT Governments respectively. Then there was another \$10,000 from the National Science and Technology Centre. The Australian Conservation Foundation chipped in \$5,000 out of its budget which is entirely financed by the Government anyway. That's \$38,000 from taxpayers!

**"Delegates had their \$140 fee paid for by other students thanks to generous Student Associations giving away GSF monies"**

Add to that what students put in. There was the delegates fees of \$140, bringing in just over \$25,000. However, don't think that any of the delegates paid for this themselves. Rather students around Australia paid for it through their General Services Fees because delegates had their fee paid for them by their students associations.

Finally, there was the \$3,000 that the National Union of Students was able to find in its vast budget of over \$0.5 million of compulsorily acquired student funds.

Add all of that up and you get a budget of \$66,000 to spend on a three day student conference.

**"You'd think there'd be some accountability. Not so."**

You would think with that sort of money that the conference organisers would have to account to somebody - possibly even the Federal Government. Not so. There have been no financial statements produced. No-one knows where the money went or even if it was all spent.

I suppose producing a proper accountable financial report would be too much to expect from the moral guardians of our environmental future - indeed it may even have to be done on some of that bleached white, unrecycled A4 paper for which the organisers have such a fondness.

## GREEN ACTION

### THE PLASTIC PLAGUE

#### THE IMPACT

- Plastic is both non-biodegradable and polluting to the environment.
- Plastic is a petroleum by-product, and petroleum is a valuable non-renewable resource.
- There are around 46,000 pieces of plastic floating in each square mile of ocean. This plastic waste kills up to 1 million seabirds, 100,000 sea mammals and countless fish each year.
- Plastic bags aren't free. Their cost increases your grocery bill, and the cost of their disposal is reflected in higher council rates.
- Of the 35,000 tonnes of HDPE plastic film used to produce shopping bags, 25,000 tonnes is imported, thus adding to Australia's foreign debt problems.

#### THE WASTE :

- Australians throw away 900,000 plastic food containers per year.
- Plastics are estimated to account for 15% by volume of household garbage.
- Plastic accounted for 42% of the waste collected from and around Sydney Harbour during Clean up the Harbour Day, January 1989.
- About 30% of all plastic produced is used once for packaging then thrown away.
- Currently only 0.5% of plastic is being recycled.

#### THE OVER-CONSUMPTION :

- About 65 kilos of plastic is manufactured per year for every Australian.
- Each year Coles Myer Stores alone give away about 300 million plastic shopping bags.
- The average smaller shop gives away approximately 25 to 30,000.

#### THE SOLUTION :

- ✓ DON'T USE PLASTIC BAGS, and avoid plastic products and packaging when you can.
- ✓ Take a large bag shopping with you to carry home what you buy.
- ✓ Use the plastic bags you already have to go shopping with : use them to weigh vegies and fruit.
- ✓ Join the Food Co-op : use the plastic bags you already have to carry (unpackaged) food from there.
- ✓ Recycle your old plastic bags.
- ✓ Use old plastic bags for your rubbish instead of buying garbage bags.
- ✓ When you see plastic lying around in natural settings, pick it up and take it home to dispose of it.
- ✓ Re-use plastic bags/containers wherever possible (eg. as water containers, storing, etc.)

(info from Facts about plastic, The Cuddly Company, producers of BIO BAG)

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#### Other things to do in winter:

- ✓ Compost your autumn leaves, or collect them and give them to friends with compost heaps.
- ✓ Put on more clothes in the cold before turning the heater on.
- ✓ Insulate your house (use door snakes, etc.)
- ✓ Glass loses heat quickly : put curtains up and draw them at night and while you're away during the day. The house will be warmer when you get back.
- ✓ Work in the library to save on heating at home.
- ✓ Use a hot water bottle at night, or find your own living hot water bottle.
- ✓ Move to the tropics (that way you also move out from under the ozone hole..... for now!)
- ✓ Check out the Ozone Shop which has recently opened at the O'Connor shops (around the back, next to Glass Bell bookshop). It is Canberra's first shop exclusively selling environmentally sound products. You can also get environmentally sound laundry detergent, dishwashing liquid, etc in your own containers (which you can keep refilling). Definitely worth looking at!

Ralph Regenvanu

# AN ENVIRONMENTALLY FRIENDLY CAMPUS

## The Importance of Green Action

As human beings, we have taken our Earth often for granted. We have never hesitated to exploit it, in order to gratify our immediate wants. We have felt free to abuse our fellow humans as well as the Earth and its inhabitants and its living things. We must learn that we have ...only borrowed the Earth from our children.

We are our own best resource for solving the problems we have created. And thus we must become our own best experts and begin to understand how we live, how we work, the way in which we produce, the way we consume and the way in which we understand ourselves.

Petra Kelly, of the German Green Party

(Simply Living, vol.3, no.9)



## WORLD ENVIRONMENT DAY

Wednesday June 5

CABLE LOGGING  
RESOURCE  
SECURITY  
CRISIS MEETING

TRAVELLING SLIDE SHOW

Haydob-Allen Tank, ANU  
7.30 PM

\$2 Donation Welcome

Attending the workshop, "an environmentally friendly campus" during the Science, Students and Sustainability conference in April, it became obvious that the ANU

- i) has very few opportunities for recycling compared to other campuses in Australia, and
- ii) still uses unsustainable un-recyclable materials such as polystyrene and plastic beverage containers.

The aim of the conference was to see what we as students can do so that we will have an ecologically sustainable future. The participants in the conference on the first day were asked if we thought our children or grandchildren in fifty years would thank us for what we are doing to the environment now. At the rate we are using up our natural resources, destroying our atmosphere and waterways, obviously not!

**We must therefore implement a change in our thinking and use of resources now.**

The potential for increased recycling to take pressure from our natural resources has yet to be realised.

For recycling to be fully implemented there has to be a change in society's view of waste. Waste could be thought of as something that society considers to be at the wrong place at the wrong time and is therefore unacceptable. By implementing different social values, that which is waste now



may be wanted and useful in the future.

**We therefore must stop seeing refuse as waste and see it as a recyclable resource.**

Traditional methods of waste disposal such as Dumping, Storage and Landfill all have one thing in common, they are "out of sight - out of mind" methods of disposal. Because of the related health, aesthetic and environmental problems, Dumping, Storage and Landfill can no longer be

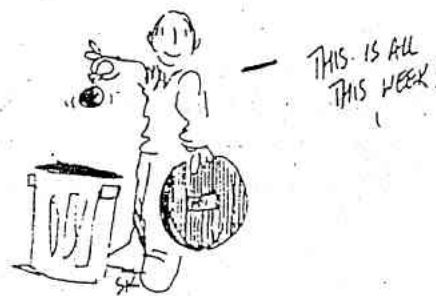
considered cheap options. (Gray, Thomas, 1987)

Thus to deal with our disposal problems we must turn to The 4-rs: **Re-use, Recycle, Reduce and Reclaim.** These concepts were first

**Currently there are only limited recycling opportunities at the ANU.**

defined by the League of Women Voters of the USA in 1972 (See Geller et.al. 1982). Re-use is self-evident. Recycling occurs when a waste item is used (generally after some treatment process) to produce the original commodity. Reclamation is where wastes are changed into other materials or forms, and Reduction is aimed at using less *now* so that there will be enough in the future. Recognising these 4-rs will significantly reduce the pressure on our rapidly diminishing natural resources.

Maintaining efficiency while avoiding waste is a concern of wide



range of people for whatever logical or illogical reason.

**Something that is thrown away and not used is a waste of resources.**

Currently there are only limited recycling opportunities at the ANU. There are glass and aluminium recycling bins situated outside Caterina's (near the law school). The problem with these bins is that they are always filled with other types of rubbish. The bins will not be collected by contractors if they are over one third full of "other" types of rubbish, and this is often the case.

Paper recycling at the ANU at the moment is also limited although this should be changing in the near future. Until then there are numerous ways to reduce the wastage of resources on paper:

1. Photocopy on both sides of the paper. (Lobby for the introduction of photocopiers which will do this to be

introduced into the libraries at the ANU.)

2. Use the back of old photocopies as notepaper.
3. Recycle paper that you would normally throw away, and
4. Only buy recycled unbleached paper.

The ANU still uses polystyrene and non-reuseable plastic beverage containers. This is unacceptable and there are obvious alternatives. Polystyrene can be eliminated completely by introducing china cups or maybe even a bring-your-own mug system (an effective system on some campuses in South Australia). Re-usable plastic cups can be introduced to the bar - this is a start at least. Glass is not used in the bar when bands or bar nights are on due to safety problems and profit loss from broken glass.

It is important to note that recycling is not the ultimate solution to our waste problem. Recycling which involves a production process is expensive and uses energy. Therefore it is equally necessary to emphasise the importance of re-use, reclaim and reduce, which in most cases is energy efficient and costless.

An ANU greens group is currently being established which is concerned with environmental issues on campus, locally and globally. Interested students are welcome to attend meetings held weekly on Thursdays at 5:30 pm in G2 - remember, it is not hype when we say everyone can make a difference.

Students can no longer see themselves as a victim of the system. WE are responsible for our own knowledge base. With the environment we must act now because it is pretty clear that things will not go on forever.

Geller, E.S., Waste Reduction and Resource Recovery in Geller, E.S., Winett, R.A. and Everet, P.B., (eds) Preserving the Environment, Pergamon Press, New York, (1982). Gray, K. & Thomas, I., (eds), Opportunities for Recycling, Monash University Press, 1984.

Kym Turnbull for ANU Greens





# The Art Of Letting Go...

The art of 'letting go', and its importance, is often not well understood in our society. We live in a society where most people try to hang on to everything. We possessively clutch to our material possessions, to people, to our outdated views and attitudes, and to our physical life. We forget, or maybe we were never taught, that it is necessary to let go of the old to make way for the new. The cells in our body are constantly dying and new ones take their place. This is the process by which growth and transformation occur. This is not only true in the physical sense, but in the emotional, mental, and social sense as well.

Far too often we resist this process. We want our lives to be different, better, but we are not willing to let go of old habits, ideas and beliefs. We stubbornly hang on, and we complain that life isn't treating us well.

We tell Life that we are thirsty, and when it tries to show us the way to the waters, we turn our backs and say "I'm not going that way, that's far too rocky. I'm staying on the flat sands, with which I am familiar." But the flat sands lead further into the desert, and it becomes easy to lose our way.

Becoming lost and not finding any water, we may even go as far as declaring that we were not really thirsty in the first place. That the craving in our hearts for love, joy and life does not exist or is just in

our imagination. However, eventually we admit that we are lost. We 'let go' of our stubborn desire to go our own way, and begin to listen to Life. We begin to follow where Life leads us, and slowly we are lead back home.

Perhaps a practical example will

**If work (or study) is causing discomfort, there is most likely an approach or an attitude that needs to be discarded.**

make things clearer. Like many people, my relationship with my parents has not always been easy. There has been a fair share of problems and resulting pain for everyone concerned. Family life was rarely ideal. (Then again, family life rarely is ideal.) I won't say the problems, but certainly much of the pain involved, resulted from expectations. That is, other people not meeting our expectations. When we expect something from someone (especially in an emotional sense) and they don't (or can't) give it to us, we feel hurt. It doesn't matter whether the expectation is 'realistic' or 'unrealistic', placing an expectation on someone is likely to cause them, and us, pain. I placed expectations on my parents, and when they didn't fulfil those expectations, I felt hurt. And in

trying to insist that they meet my expectations, I most likely hurt them as well.

The way out of this situation is simple (or at least it is simple to say in words - doing it may prove harder.) Let go. Let go of our expectations. In the case of parents, simply look at them as people. To accept them as they are (or at least accept that they are as they are) and to stop wishing they would fit into some other mould that we, or our culture, has created. This is in fact what it means to truly forgive, either one's parents, ourselves or anyone else that we know.

The same thing applies to everyone, whether they be friends, boyfriends, girlfriends, parents, teachers, lecturers, doctors, politicians or whoever. And when we stop placing expectations on people and start accepting people as they are, an amazing thing happens. There is a sense of freedom. And a sense of love, understanding and compassion that almost defies description. We begin to 'see with the eyes of love'.

Learning to 'see lovingly' is only one of the things that letting go enables us to do. A large part of the emotional (and possibly physical) pain that we experience in our lives results from hanging onto things we need to release, be it guilts, fears, beliefs or an outdated way of relating to a person.

All this can be summarised (and indeed generalised) by saying that it

is necessary to let go of personality desires to make room for Soul expression. But this is getting into areas which I will avoid for the moment.

I will finish by suggesting that the next time someone does something that causes you pain (this does not include someone stepping on your toes - or maybe it does?), see if you need to let go of something. *But use the concept wisely.* In the case that a friendship is causing pain, it is often *not* the friendship that needs to be released, but expectations, fears, guilts and habits that are

**...fears, guilts and habits that are blocks to free, genuine and honest communication.**

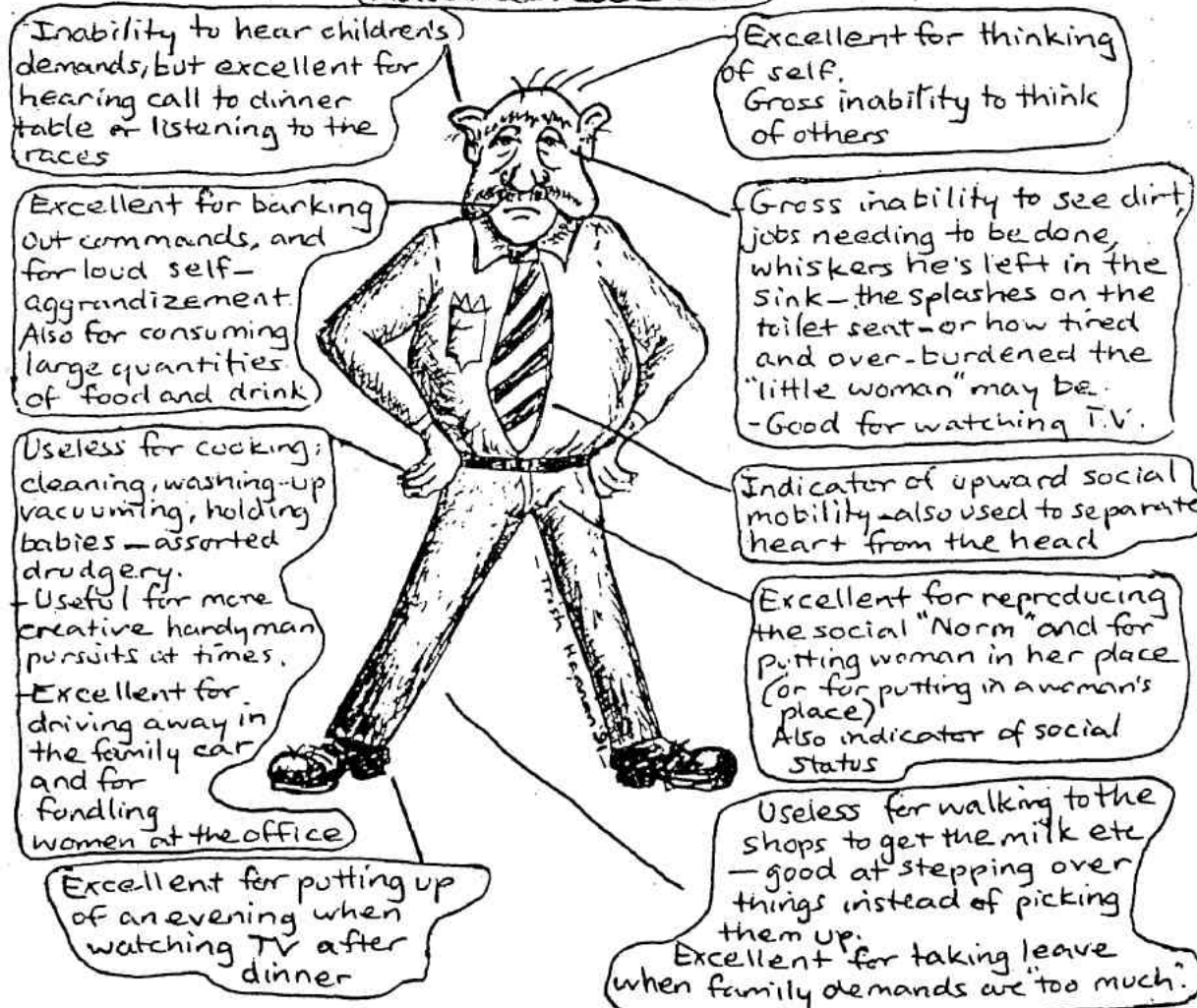
blocks to free, genuine and honest communication. If work (or study) is causing discomfort, there is most likely an approach or an attitude that needs to be discarded. *Change at an internal level first.* Then see if an external change needs to be made. And remember that sometimes pain is part of the learning process of life.

Wishing you all the best. May the Love of Life guide your every footstep, now and always.

Ralph.

## ANATOMY OF DOMESTIC BLINDNESS SUFFERER

(Advanced case L.S.S.)



# Austudy: changes in the air?

*Report recommends more help for ordinary and poor students, end to rich kids' rorting.*

Major changes are in the air for Austudy and Abstudy according to a House of Representatives committee of enquiry report. The committee states that the administration of Austudy by the Department of Employment, Education and Training (DEET) is "little short of scandalous", and recommends that responsibility for the scheme be given to the Department of Social Security (DSS) if DEET doesn't raise its game.

Major changes in the eligibility criteria for Austudy and Abstudy payments are recommended, restricting access to the scheme for richer students while making it more accessible to poorer students. A large number of administrative details are to be streamlined and simplified. The major changes recommended are outlined below.

#### Income Thresholds

The Committee recommended:

- *Stopping Austudy payments to families with income at or above twice male average weekly income.*
- *Raising the family income threshold at which full Austudy support is automatically available to 75% of male average weekly earnings (currently \$21,000).*
- *Including fringe benefits in assessment of this income, whilst excluding negatively geared property and similar deductions.*

The Committee noted that while the use of taxable income is an administratively simple means of assessing Austudy eligibility, "it is clear from the evidence of the Australian Taxation Office and others that taxable income is a poor measure of a family's ability to meet the educational expenses of their children, and, as a result, rorting occurs." It particularly noted that taxable income can be artificially reduced through such mechanisms as negatively geared property, careful exploitation of superannuation schemes and channelling income through trusts and companies. Further, over a billion dollars of undocumented income in the form of fringe benefits is paid each year to employees. The Committee found it "unacceptable that inequities in the taxation system result in the payment of allowances to those who are well able to meet their own, or their children's education costs" while lower- and middle-income families who are unable to disguise their earnings are denied assistance.

#### Student Benefits

The Committee recommended:

- *Increasing the allowable level of personal income to \$8,000. A 25 cents in the dollar excess will apply beyond this point.*
- *Setting the minimum allowance at \$20.00 per week.*
- *Introducing emergency payments in the case of delayed assessment.*
- *Reducing the age for automatic 'independent' status from 25 to 21.*
- *Redefining the 'previous employment' rule for non-automatic 'independent' status such that it be satisfied by employment for two out of the previous three*

*years, at income levels sufficiently high to indicate an ability to live independently.*

#### Introducing extra measures to assist students infrom rural areas

The Government admits that it does not see Austudy as meeting total living costs. The Committee considered that it was therefore both "illogical and unjust" that the income which students may earn, before allowances are reduced, is set at levels which do not enable them to meet their costs of living. While the Committee did not go so far as to support the abolition of the personal income test, it agreed that "the allowable level of personal income should be increased significantly."

The Committee also accepted that the age for automatic independent status should be reduced from age 25 to age 21, progressively reduced over the next four Budgets. On the issue of access to education and training by rural people, the Committee observed that this matter "is highly complex at all times, but is particularly so when there is a severe downturn in the rural economy." Time and resource constraints made a detailed examination of rural education impossible. The Committee believed, however, that it received enough evidence to conclude that the means and assets test free components of the Assistance to Isolated Children (AIC) program and Austudy should be increased to \$2,250pa. The Committee will further examine rural education and training issues during the course of the year and has called on the Government to examine additional means by which assistance can be provided to rural

families to assist with the education of their children, particularly through the introduction of a tapered assets test and the introduction of a rural loans scheme

#### Administration

DEET's general administration of the present scheme was also soundly criticised. The report noted, among other things, that:

The Austudy application form contains 93 questions, and, although the department has prepared a new, easier-to-understand form, it "is unlikely ever to be described as simple";

Austudy rules and regulations "failed dismally on any test of plain English";

DEET officers are rarely available to give face-to-face counselling to students making enquiries;

In the past, up to 20 per cent of calls to Austudy's telephone inquiry service have gone unanswered and delays of up to 2 1/2 hours were reported. (DEET has since received \$1 million from the Federal Government to install

**Austudy rules and regulations "failed dismally on any test of plain English"**

a new telephone service capable of answering an expected one billion calls. The new telephone inquiry service will aim to answer all calls within 5 minutes.)

To improve access to Austudy information, the Committee recommended that all Commonwealth Employment Service offices be upgraded to incorporate Austudy contact offices. These offices would have staff trained to handle all but the most complex inquiries and have computer linkage to central Austudy offices enabling ready access to expert advice.

The Committee recommended

*...as reported in the last Woroni, Baldwin has not abandoned the amalgamation idea, he's simply shelved it for a time...*

that DEET's handling of Austudy be reviewed again in one year and, if improvements were not evident, that consideration be given to placing administration of the program in the hands of the DSS.

#### Finally...

A political footnote: readers who take an interest in such matters may like to note that members of the Committee admit that many of their conclusions and, indeed, the initiation of the enquiry into Austudy were heavily influenced by lobbying from the National Union of Students (NUS). ANU is not a member of NUS—our understanding is that the ANU Liberals explicitly oppose joining it while Green Alliance apparently has no strong views either way. The ANU maintains no other meaningful links with NUS. However, students who have been alarmed by Baldwin's recent attempts to amalgamate ANU with the University of Canberra might like to ask whether our total isolation is such a good idea. Out on its own, the ANU is barely keeping its head above water and, as reported in last *Woroni*, Baldwin has not abandoned the amalgamation idea, he's simply shelved it for a time. NUS, meanwhile, is showing itself to have reasonable clout in Parliamentary and DEET circles. It's said there's nothing like having influential friends... food for thought?

BAALMAN, HALTON, SUTTON

the Committee... agreed that "the allowable level of personal income should be increased significantly."

## ANTHONY KING (B Optom, Litt B) OPTOMETRIST

Contact Lens Practitioner

has now ceased to practise at the Union Building,  
ANU

and has opened a new office close by at

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26-30 Marcus Clarke Street, ACTON

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# ACT Liberal Party Shakeup

## Your chance to play 'Spot the ANU connections'

The ACT Division of the Liberal Party held its annual election last fortnight and elected the following officers: President, Jim Leedman; Vice-President, Gerard Brennan; Finance Director, Terry Snow; Treasurer, Tony Hedley; Policy Convener, Lyle Dunne; Policy Committee, Jeff Gillis, Ian Gamage, Jeremy Grigg and Keith Old.

### Connection Number One.

Older students may recognise one of these names, Jeremy Grigg. Hailing from Perth but having more than a passing familiarity with Double Bay in Sydney, Mr Grigg came to ANU as an Eco/Comm student. Aside from gaining notoriety by motoring around campus in a BMW, Mr Grigg has been extremely active in two ANU political parties. The first of these, *Students' Alliance*, unsuccessfully contested the Students' Association elections of 1988. In 1989, drawing on the lessons of that experience, Mr Grigg and the other key architect of *Students' Alliance*, Grahame Lynch, were integrally involved in the campaign to elect the *Back on Track* party. In the grand tradition of ANU politics, Mr Grigg was installed by his party to act as official returning officer for the election. Also in the grand tradition of ANU politics, there was controversy over his running of that election. According to the Liberal Party's own record of events, Mr Lynch, meanwhile, acted as co-manager of *Back on Track*'s campaign efforts. Both Mr Grigg and Mr Lynch were members of the Liberal Party at this time.

In 1990, *Back on Track* attempted to again install Mr Grigg as returning officer for the annual elections. The legal validity of this purported appointment was challenged and a heated political conflict broke out. For some time, the Association had two purported returning officers, Mr Grigg and Andrew Howe. (Mr Howe was at the time an editor of *Woroni* and SRC Law Rep. While originally elected to those posts as a *Back on Track* candidate, he stood for the position of returning officer on an independent platform.) The impasse was resolved when third parties persuaded Mr Grigg that his position was unten-

able and that he should withdraw from contention. However, as many students will recall, this did not end the disputes over this position. Mr Howe's plan to centralise voting around the Union building—in preference to what he described as the "potentially corrupt and certainly chaotic" system of having a roving ballot box visiting selected faculties, halls and colleges at the returning officer's discretion—did not meet with the approval of the then President, Jon Coroneos. Mr Coroneos, a member of *Back on Track* and former Treasurer of the ANU Liberals, had of course been elected at the end of 1989 under just such a roving ballot box system supervised by Mr Grigg. In an attempt to enforce his party's preference, President Coroneos took the unprecedented step of suing his own official returning officer in the ACT Supreme Court; the Court, however, declined to fulfill his wishes. Mr Grigg, meanwhile, has clearly moved on to higher things. As a member of the ACT Division's Policy Committee he can expect to be heavily involved in drafting the Liberal Party platform for the ACT Assembly elections due early next year. Historically, membership of this Committee is also a significant boost to one's chances of gaining preselection. A rising star indeed.

### Connection Number Two.

A name that most students won't readily associate with the ANU is that of Liberal Party Finance Director, Terry Snow. Mr Snow, together with his brother George, runs Capital Property Trust. This body can be found in the Canberra White Pages under the listing for Capital Property Group—and, yes, that is the Capital Property Group. Mr Snow is, in short one of the most respected and influential figures in Canberra's business community. Perhaps the most immediate example of his stature is that his office occupies the entire top floor of the Civic Advance Bank Building on the corner of Marcus Clark and Barry Drive. Of relevance to the ANU, however, is that Mr Snow happens to be the stepfather of Stephen Byron. Mr Byron, of course, has long been the key organiser of *Back on Track*. He is also a keen member of the ACT Liberal Party. Indeed,

Mr Byron's commitment to the Party is such that he travelled to Sydney last weekend to campaign for NSW Corrective Services Minister, Michael Yabsley in his Vaucluse electorate. Minister Yabsley also happens to be an ANU graduate. Like Stephen Byron, Michael Yabsley is also former president of the ANU Liberal Club.

During both the 1989 and 1990 ANU Students' Association elections, there were a number of suggestions, raised from within the party, that production of *Back on Track*'s voluminous campaign material was being greatly assisted by Mr Byron's access to apparently unlimited resources. Questioned at the time, the then *Back on Track* candidate and now Students' Association President, Liz O'Leary declined to confirm or deny these allegations. Without commenting on the veracity of these allegations, we would note that there are those who would view an intervention of outside influences and funds in campus politics with some degree of disgust. Surely politics is meant to be about ideas and issues, not one's ability to outspend one's opponents. In short, in politics—indeed, even in economics—surely competition is meant not only to be free but also to be fair?

BAALMAN, HALTON, SUTTON

## Liberal Reply

Dear Editors, an article submitted by Malcolm Baalman, Philip Halton and David Sutton to the most recent issue of *Woroni* [#4] concerned me because of one error. The article, "ANU Liberals—Still Under Cover", has upset some members of the ANU Liberal Club with this statement: "following the recent reorganization of the ACT Division of the Australian Liberal Party, our understanding is that the campus club has been elevated to full branch status within the party proper."

The club has over 300 members who in fact have no connection with the Liberal Party itself, having joined the club to participate in its various successful social events, such as the recent cocktail party at Parliament House.

It is true that 24 members of the club have this year for the first time formed an 'Interest Group', which is a branch of the Liberal party. Members of the Interest Group are automatically members of the Liberal Party. Members of the Liberal Club are not.

CHARLOTTE HARPER  
PRESIDENT  
ANU LIBERAL CLUB

### Editor's Note

Ah, debate. Good healthy criticism... the cut and thrust of verbal (or written) swordsmanship... the breadth of issues, the immediacy of relevance, the wit, the scandal...

On this page is another article critical of the ANU Liberal Club. There is also a letter regarding last issue's piece from the President of the Liberal Club. I was thankful to get it—for a while I was thinking the Liberal Club was not going to unbend themselves and a reply. Which would have made debate rather difficult. Surely there are more skeletons in the closet than that?

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24/10/90

# Animals in Make-up

An estimated 34 million animals die in the labs of cosmetic and pharmaceutical companies every year in the U.S.

Eye and face make-up, deodorants, hairsprays, shampoos and conditioners and toothpaste are tested in the eyes and stomachs of these animals.

Since the early 80s a growing awareness of this experimentation on animals by such companies has given rise to public protest. GILLETTE was subject to an international

**"Before he dies, he'll wish he'd never been born"**

boycott of its products in 1987, products such as Silkiencye and Mink Difference - while their laboratories still force fed rats with shampoos etc. as part of repeatedly useless tests.

Animal Liberation posters of puppies with - "Before he dies, he'll wish he'd never been born" reached out to consumers world-wide.

When thinking of cosmetics and beauty we must ask ourselves, is animal suffering necessary for beauty?

Major breakthroughs came when companies such as AVON, AMWAY, and MARY KAY began to scale down their use of animals in research. ESTEE LAUDER have recently stopped all testing. The Draize Ocular Irritancy Test performed on the eyes of rabbits was stopped by some companies and non-animal tests implemented. Also some companies have stopped the cruel LD50 test:

animals are forced dosages of a substance and adverse reactions are recorded - bleeding, discharge, ulceration, vomiting, and convulsions etc. - before the animal dies or is killed. Many companies still use the LD50 test, even though it has been said to have no practical purpose relevant to humans.

**...bleeding, discharge, ulceration, vomiting, and convulsions...**

Results from animal testing are unreliable and therefore products tested on animals cannot necessarily be guaranteed safe for humans.

From *Animal Voice*, Sept-Oct '88:

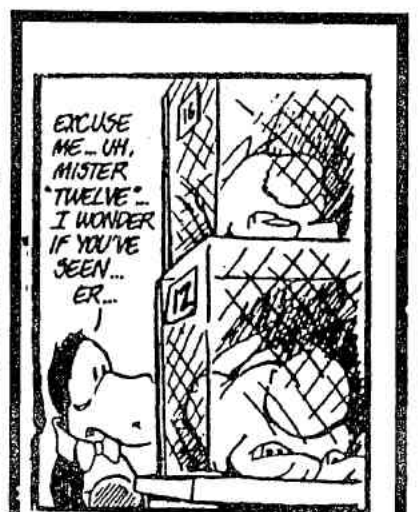
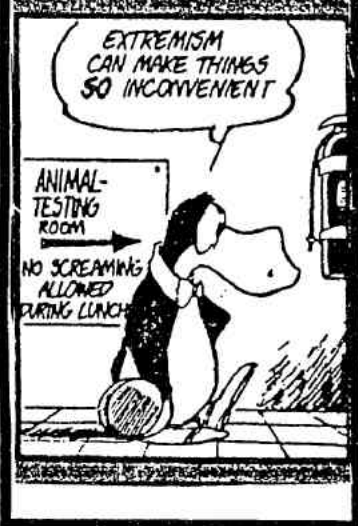
"Humans spend spend nearly 70 billion per annum in a futile attempt to remain forever beautiful and a fatal attempt to remain forever young. But the total cost in terms of animal agony and death will remain forever unknown."

Next time you pick up a bottle of shampoo, think of the animals who sacrificed their eyes for our comfort. Please think of the safer animal friendly alternatives that are now on the market.

"Unseen they suffer, unheard they cry, in agony they linger, in loneliness they die."

Andrew McCabe

\*Figures and information - *Animal Voice*, issues - Aug '89, Aug '90, Sept-Oct '88.



NAQUA  
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AFTERSHAVE  
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SHAMPOO  
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MOUTHWASH  
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Cruelty Free

01-700 4232

# The Falling Joys

The Falling Joys belong to that newly expanding category of long time indie bands who are finally finding mainstream acceptance, *ala* Ratcat and Clouds. They've come from nowhere to score big with *Lock It*, a single which made it into the Top Ten. Rolling Stone this month featured them as proof that rock is not dead. Not bad for a band who once played tiny Canberra venues supporting the likes of the Saddle Sores. "very big, in their day" according to guitarist Stuart G. Robertson. Last week Falling Joys played a triumphant return at the Uni Bar to one of the biggest crowds this year. In the interest of bringing you another Breathless Groupie interview Kirsten Pike and Fiona MacDonald sat in the bar and drank VBs with Stuie, Pete Velzen (drums), and Pat-spunk-Hayes (Bass guitar) and then hobnobbed in the band room after the gig ('man') with Suzi and 'ver guys.

## They're Canberra people and they aren't embarrassed about it.

*Canberra's seems to almost be a respectable place to come from these days. Pat-spunk-Hayes and Pete Velzen talk of running into the Doug Anthony Allstars while touring Canada. There is much reminiscing about DAAS playing the Whiskey Au GoGo all those years ago and vague memories of three guys spazzing around in Garema place on Saturday mornings. Pat and I reminisce about Narrabundah college. Ah, the early days...*

What were some of the names the band had in the early days. Any really embarrassing ones?

SGR: All the factors you can tie together. Factor Factor, Max Factor, World Factor, High Wind Factor, all that kind of thing. We were a bit of a factor band at first. It's funny how so many Canberra people are becoming successful all at once.

SGR: It's the Raiders that did it first, we couldn't have done it without the Raiders.

So do you have good memories of Canberra or were you happy to get out?

P-spunk-H: I had a fantastic time down here! The only reason the band got out of Canberra was because there was only so far the band could get here. And we covered that ground pretty quickly. Do still know people?

P-spunk-H: Not as many. We

used to be able to walk in here and say hello to everyone, but it's been about two years since we moved away. There's all the new people coming through who we don't keep up with. Still know a few though.

**"...we were talking band talk and I said 'oh, so you've got a band yourself?' He said, oh yeah, a band called the Pixies. Very fucking dumb"**

*Falling Joys have just finished a 18,000 mile tour of the United States where people Wish List has become a staple of the college radio scene. To their surprise they found themselves playing to sold out venues where half the audience knew the words to albumtracks.*

Tell us about the US tour.

SH: It was fantastic. We made a lot of great friends, we were all touring in a big bus; we couldn't get away from each other— but we all get along really well so it wasn't a hassle.

SGR: It was great. Really wierd. And it was a strange way to do it— in a big van. We'd lob in, lob out. You don't really get to know anyone. And the Gulf war was on. It's strange, because over there they're not rednecks they're people just like you and I but they're still pro-war.

Tell us an on -the- road story.

P-spunk-H: This guy turned up at

a show in Los Angeles and— none of us knew who he was, he was just standing around and looking at us every time we walked past. And we turned around to say hello, and we were talking band talk and I said 'oh, so you've got a band yourself?' He said, oh yeah, a band called the Pixies. Very fucking dumb.

What did you miss?

PV: VB. You really miss the beer taste. Going over to the States, trying all their beers; lots of different types of beer and so many of them are shithouse. All you want is one of these.

*When they left the unexpected success of the states they came back to even greater unexpected success at home.*

SH: We had three days off when we came back. We went to Queensland and did the Midnight Oil show, which was really cool for me, because that was the week we got back and it was in front of 15,000 people. The day we flew back from the Midnight Oil show, we were on the plane and we opened a new day— you know that rock'n'roll channel— and *Lock It* and *Cloud Factory* were both on. So that was really wild to get back to Australia, not really knowing what's going on here while we've been away and to get on the plane and...!

**Christ... I really like you**

How was *Lock It* written?

P-spunk-H: Suzi did the majority of it. Like I did a bit, Pete did a bit, Stu did a bit and Suzi wrote a melody over it and tied it all together.

Is that how you always write songs?

One of us will bring a song along and say what do you think. We'll pull it apart, put it back together. Everyone will work on it. She gets the new ideas for songs.

How do you feel about having a commercially successful single after all this time?

SH: I don't design the songs for commercial radio, it just happens that people are starting to pick up



Falling Joys: Suzi Higgle, Stuart G. Robertson, Pete Velzen, and The Spunky One.

on independent music. Look at Ratcat, they had a hit and they've still been able to stick to their own sound.

*Lock It* isn't typical is it?

No not at all. We were all really confident about the song. They were going to release Jennifer first. We suggested '*Lock It*' a really good song, good single, we sort of thought lets take a gamble on it and it worked out really well.

What about the album? Where did you get the name Wish List from?

SGR: The name? That comes from Canberra. You know, the government departments have to put their wish lists in for whatever they want to get.

What's on your Wish List?

P-spunk-H: All I want is to be able to do this for years and years and years. Anything else? Oh, no, that would make me very happy PV: To own my own home, and it's a big wish, because I'm sick of moving and renting and having people stay with me and having inspections and having to pay rent, so that's one big one, just to own something I could call my own, a house.

SGR: Japanese food and a new bed. My beds falling apart.

What was Sydney like to set up in when you first started?

SGR: Wasn't as hard as you imagined it would be. We got work fairly constantly, fairly quickly but they were just bottom of the line supports.

Who did you play with?

SGR: All of them. Ups and Downs, Crystal Set, Ratcat all of those guys.

SH: When we went to Sydney there were a lot more places to play; a lot more venues so they were able to get gigs. The hardest part was finding a house and setting it up nice. I have sympathy for the bands that play now because there are fewer venues.

*In concert Falling Joys sound a lot more raw than they do on vinyl. They even beef their ballads up. Suzi Higgle(vocals, guitars) tiptoes through the quiet bits in Lock It, and then does her ax-guitar-hero thing and somehow manages to play thrashy/spangly guitar, to the delight of the slamming crowd. They play four encores, including 'Boys Don't Cry', 'Wild Thing' (with bits of the Clouds onstage helping out), and ending with a new one that's 'really good for jumping up and down to' and 'Baby Doll Messiah. At the end of the gig Suzi tells the audience how great we all were and how they'd be talking about this gig all the way the Melbourne the next day.*

What do you think about stage diving and slamming?

SH: We love it. It's exciting to see people react. We've been getting Jennifers up on stage to dance to the new single.

What's your favourite live song?

SH: *Parachute*. Cause it's new.

And *You're In A Mess*— we've been playing it for so long now we decided to revamp it. In Denver we played it in 45 seconds.

Why the Cure cover?

PV: We all really liked it and one day I said it's only got four chords in it, and we thought yeah, four chords ALRIGHT!!! I know that many.

Describe yourself.

P-spunk-H: I'm the one with the cap.

What are you going to do when the tour ends?

PV: We get back on Monday and I'll do the washing on Tuesday.

—Kirsten Pike

Fiona MacDonald

Thanks to Smash Management and to Trading Post and to Falling Joys.

Mwah, mwah, mwah!

## CLOUDS

*Clouds is the third of the bands being described as part of the 'newly emerging Sydney movement' along with Falling Joys and Ratcat. We asked Jodie (vocals) what success feels like.*

Everyone seems to be moving quickly. Everyone's receiving attention at the same time.

How does it feel watch your own video?

There's a good friend of ours who makes our videos. It's alright looking at yourself as long as it's a good shot. If you don't like it... well...

Are those winecasks on the cover of *Loot*?

YES!

Have you ever played Canberra before?

fore?

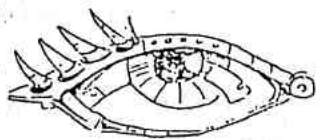
We've played in Canberra 3 times. We supported the Violent Femmes. We love the Canberra audience.

How do you find playing with the Falling Joys?

As Falling Joys and Clouds write more songs and the sets change they seem to be further away from each other. Our styles are changing in different directions.

One of the Sydney papers described you as a cross between the primitives and REM.

Oh really? It took a long time to find our sound. It took a long time to find the right members of the band. We work really well together.



# THE MECHANICAL EYE

on

# LAW



Law students only charge 2 bottles of wine to have their photographs taken.



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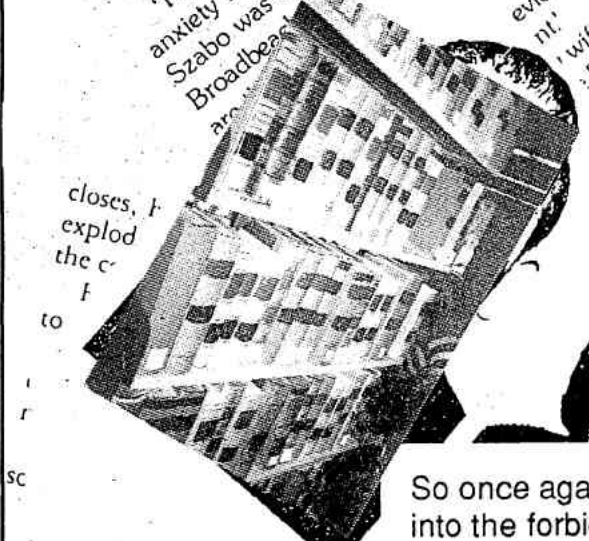
country juries are  
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jurisdictions a professional training course must also be completed.

ANU law graduates are keenly



Law students have a bizarre fetish for dressing up in wigs and gowns. (what a predictable comment!)



Sometimes it r  
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thar  
Law students gauge levels of experience by the  
number of law books they can cart around in  
front of television cameras.  
Mr Blau

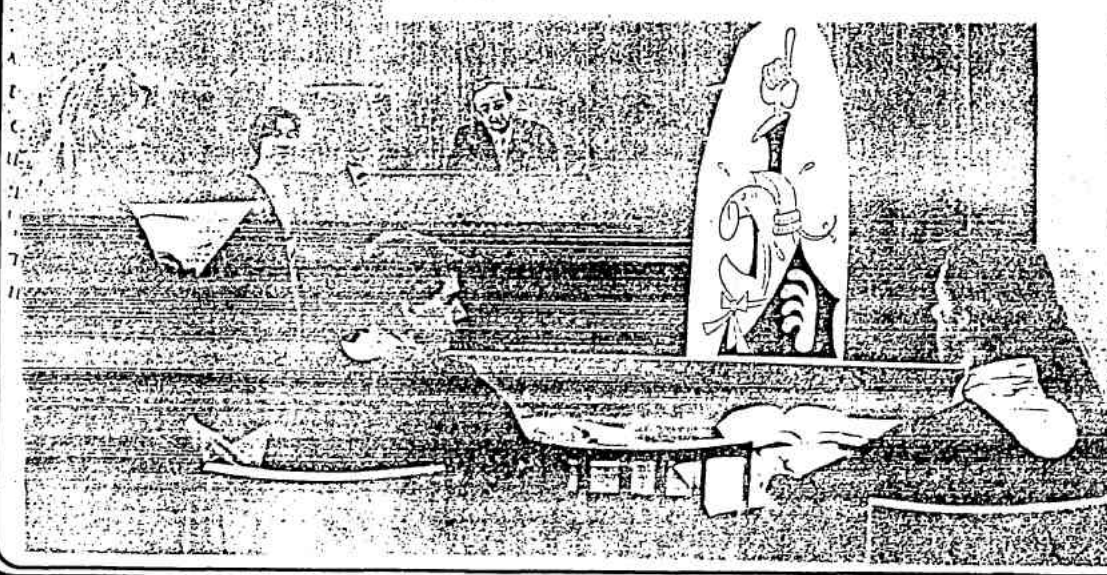
So once again the Mechanical Eye was out on a job, this time venturing into the forbidding and stern domain of the Faculty of Law. Dressed in our best leather suit and with a matching tie and lens cap we sought the company of a Law student who had graciously volunteered to donate some of their extremely valuable time, "for time is money to be made, and that's why we do Law, so there!"

The Faculty of Law is separated from the rest of the ANU by Fellows Road. The Law student is separated from other students by eating at Caterina's and are thus found either in Caterina's, the Law library, in court making heaps of money or dead.

In conclusion, Law students are all very intelligent people prostituting their integrity to make money...well, who could blame them?

### The Mechanical Eye

"They have no time to waste, they have no time at all." B. Patterson



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Law students do not "hang-out" in Union Square with other students. They patronize Caterina's in their spare seconds.

Adam Selinger

# MOVIES

## MERMAIDS

Directed by RICHARD BENJAMIN; Screenplay by JUNE ROBERTS; Produced by LLOYD/NICITA/PALMER; Cinematography by HOWARD ATHERTON B.S.C. Original Score by JACK NITZSCHE; Starring CHER, BOB HOSKINS and WINONA RYDER. Greater Union Civic Cinemas Rated PG

Reviewer: Fiona MacDonald

*Mermaids* is narrated by 15 year old Charlotte (Ryder)— a girl who wants to be a nun despite the fact that she's Jewish. Her mother Rachel (Cher) has moved 18 times in Charlottes life (ie whenever the going gets tough) and cooks nothing but hors d'oeuvres, on the grounds that anything else represents too much of a commitment. That's the background against which the events of the film are set. Charlotte tries to



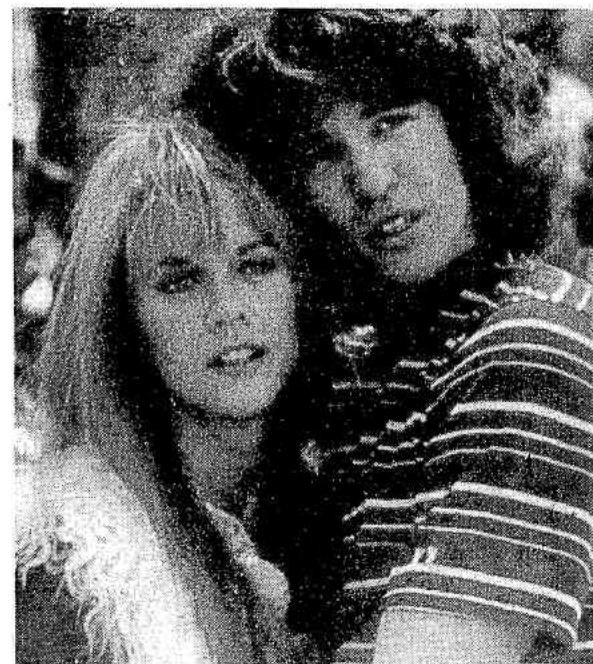
settle in to her newest home, falls madly in lust with the caretaker of the local convent and, having molested him into a first passionate kiss, believes she is pregnant. Some other stuff happens too, but it's basically one of those rites of passage movies where the most important thing is the characterisation, not the action.

If the characters sound hastily drawn or two-dimensional it's just the way they look on paper. They don't come over as shallow as they sound, especially Charlotte, who with Ryder's help is a thoroughly involving heroine. The only exception is Joe (Charlottes would-be boyfriend) who remains a distant, shadowy character. This is appropriate, as his real function in the film is as the focus of Charlotte's daydreams, lust and penance.

Charlotte's narration works wonderfully. She refers to her mother throughout the film as 'Mrs Flax', so difficult is it for her to believe that they are related, and prays to God with lines that are just a scream: things like "Oh, please don't let me fall in love and want to do *disgusting* things!"

The casting is superb. The fab and funky Winona Ryder wins the film an extra star through her presence alone. For an 19 year old her acting is formidable. Cher plays herself (again), so it depends on what you think of battleship-shagging grandmothers. Christina Ricci as the little sister is reeal cute. And it's nice to see a movie where the main characters are all female.

*Mermaids* is not a great piece of cinematic art, but it is charming, funny and gently entertaining, and may ring a few not so distant bells. There are certainly less pleasant ways to spend an afternoon.



## The silence of the lambs

This paradox of a monster with brilliant intelligence is demonstrated best by Lecter's ravenous murders of two prison guards to the stately strains of J.S. Bach.

Equally commendable are the characterizations of courageous and credible female victims. Gone is the cliched hysterical blonde. These women are resourceful, independent and smart. Foster (*The Accused*) is impeccable as Clarice Starling, the novice FBI trainee sent to do mental combat with Lecter. It is these confrontations that provide the highlight and heart of the film.

The creation of sustained serious suspense marks a dramatic change in style for director Demme (*Something Wild, Married to the Mob*). In true Hitchcock tradition, we are not entreated to witness much. Imagination always produces more horrifying images.

The film's only weakness are two awkward and unwarranted flashbacks that neither enhance the plot or suspense of the film. Rather they annoyingly disrupt the rhythm of the mounting tension.

The soundtrack is the film's most pervasive feature. Whether it is the sound of machinery, furniture, speech, volume is kept at an unrelenting threshold that unnerves audiences, depriving them of a moment's relaxation. The dramatic introduction to Lecter is accompanied by a hum so low, so loud, that the walls and floor of the cinema vibrate. This is a tense film.



Directed by JONATHAN DEMME; Screenplay by TED TALLY; Produced by SAXON/UTT/BOZMAN; Cinematography by TAK FUJIMOTO; Original Score by HOWARD SHORE; Starring JODIE FOSTER, ANTHONY HOPKINS and SCOTT GLENN. Greater Union Civic Cinemas Rated M

Reviewer: Michelle Cooper

Chilling. Brutal. Intense. Humane.

*The Silence of the Lambs* is truly a magnificent piece of cinematographic horror. While not as ground-breaking, it is comparable to classics such as Hitchcock's *Psycho* and Tobe Hooper's *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*.

Not surprisingly the premise to the powerful plots of these films all share the same inspiration. All three films are loosely based on psychopath Ed Gein, a man who suffered an undying love for his mother and an incessant desire to be a woman. *Silence* is definitely more cerebral than *Chainsaw* and more chilling than *Psycho* but fails to be as shocking as either of them.

A serial-killer known only as 'Buffalo Bill' due to his penchant for skinning his victims is slaughtering prey in America's mid-west. He remains elusive because the FBI are unable to understand his psyche. They enlist the expertise of Dr Hannibal Lecter (Hopkins), himself criminally insane, to discern Bill's motives and modus operandi.

The quirks of Buffalo Bill are tame compared to the evil of Lecter. Hopkins gives what must be one of the most powerful performances of the year in the role of the highly intellectual, culturally sophisticated being with a fatal flaw. His favourite dish is human flesh.

## Waiting

Written and Directed by JACKIE McKIMMIE; Produced by ROSS MATTHEWS; Cinematography by STEVE MASON; Starring NONI HAZLEHURST, HELEN JONES and RAY BARRETT.

Electric Shadows Rated M

Reviewer: Michelle Cooper

This film has been likened to *The Big Chill*. Four school mates whose personalities have diverged greatly since their graduation are reunited. This pilgrimage however is precipitated not by a death but by an impending birth.

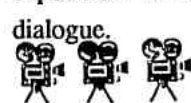
*Waiting* evolves a reasonable discussion of the pros and cons of surrogate motherhood. Clare (Hazlehurst) has for the last nine months been dutifully carrying a child for her best friend Sandy (Jones). When the first contraction arrives so do Clare's friends; all with the belief that they have a bigger stake in the baby than Clare does herself!

The contractions lapse, the baby having the sense to realise that things are awry as the old friends battle to tolerate and resolve the changes in one another.

The integrity of this film is refreshing. No American-styled perfect people here. The foibles of all are exposed. No pillow stuffed unconvincingly down the shirt of a supposed pregnant mother-to-be. The film opens to show an obviously pregnant Hazlehurst swimming *au naturel* in the local swimming hole.

Strong performances bring out both the lunacy and sensitivity of the situation that develops at Clare's farm. Fiona Press is especially good as the ridiculously feminist would-be film-maker who adorns walls with posters crying DEAD MEN DON'T RAPE.

This is very much an ensemble piece. Tableaus are rife. While this effect is pleasing to the eye it does nothing to enhance the application of the issues dissected throughout the film. *Waiting* is marred by excessive chatter. This is especially true of the exposition which is swamped with stodgy and unnecessary



Better than sex



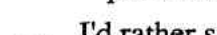
Miss Mum's lamb roast to see this film!



Ho Hum, Pig's Bum



As enjoyable as having sticky tape ripped off your pubic hair



I'd rather stay home and read a big fat economics text book

# WORONI

The paper that makes and breaks news

Member of the ANUSA

10 May 1972

Price: 10c

## WORONI 1972 emergency issue

### UNION BESIEGED, EMBASSY THREATENED

PETER GALVIN

As a result of a mass meeting of students, it was decided to convert the ANU Union into a Draft Resistance Centre in sympathy with those presently operating at Sydney Monash Universities. Present inside are draft resisters from the Melbourne underground) who have warrants for their arrest, as well as many who have been fortunate to receive apparent government blessings for their actions (this may now be short-lived, of course). It has also been decided that an attempt may very soon be made to take the Aboriginal Embassy from the laws of Parliament. "Institutions" are important expressions of defiance of a platitudinous and anti-democratic process that have caused to come into existence. Both need your protection, and can be achieved by united action.

Reason for the Draft Resistance Centre has, of course been the 1972. Apart from your presence (physical but non violent), communications networks and other more elaborate security arrangements are in operation. Some areas of the Union will, of course, have restricted access, but the Centre will remain open to all. We ask you to bring sleeping gear, guitars, and ideas. With any degree of solidarity, communality, and discussion, this could be a unique cultural event, well worth your participation. It has been agreed, following discussions between the Embassy and the S.A. that our resources should be combined to protect ourselves of both. To this end, if immediate threat to the Centre occurs, requiring physical protection, the Draft Resistance Centre will (hopefully) transfer en masse to the Embassy. It will be possible due partly to communications networks. This will also be shared. So we ask you to come to the Centre to assist in fortifying the spirit of resistance to social oppression by remaining there "on call" to aid both of these oppressed groups.

Last Saturday, there was a draft resisters barbecue at the Forrest Lodge Hotel. One of the resisters present was Peter Galvin who was confronted by a Commonwealth Police officer. Pete had had the wit to grab a baby into his arms, and so the cop didn't try to seize him.

Pete refused to go with the Commonwealth Police unless he would be shown a warrant for his arrest, but unfortunately the cop had left this in his car. Not to worry, always willing to oblige, he went out to retrieve it. Meanwhile, Pete deposited the baby and made flight out the back entrance, through a barb-edged fence which was locked behind him, and onto Sydney Campus.

The poor cop was left to commiserate with four of his lurking companions outside the front, their prey once again whisked away.

- SUPPORT THE UNDERGROUND.
- SUPPORT THE EMBASSY
- JOIN THE RESISTANCE COMMUNE
- NO COMPLIANCE WITH THE NATIONAL SERVICE ACT
- REFUSE TO REGISTER

What a year. Gary Glitter, David Bowie and the Osmonds all had hits. This years first-years were born. The ANU had numerous draft dodgers (hiding out in the Union, no less). To show how easily alarmed the authorities were: a guy was deemed *persona non grata* for going barefoot in one of the Science buildings. Gough Whitlam was elected. A play called "Rooted" was showing at Childers St., yet the *presence* of a condom machine was enough to cause a scandal, and a girl was forced to resign from Garran Hall for allowing a man to sleep in her room. Apparently the advertisement of contraceptives was illegal. Really tasteless graphics and photos however, were not (check last issue to see how much 1972 dominated the sleaze stakes. For once we thought we'd spare you).

Dear Sir,

As I am from ANU and will be back again next year I thought it important to add my name to the growing number of militant draft resisters from ANU. I did not register in August 1971 and I will continue to defy the Australian government in any attempt they may make to prosecute me. Also best of luck to Steve Padgham wherever he may be.

In Peace,  
Bryan Havenhand.

### BUT WHAT ABOUT THE SIDE-EFFECTS?

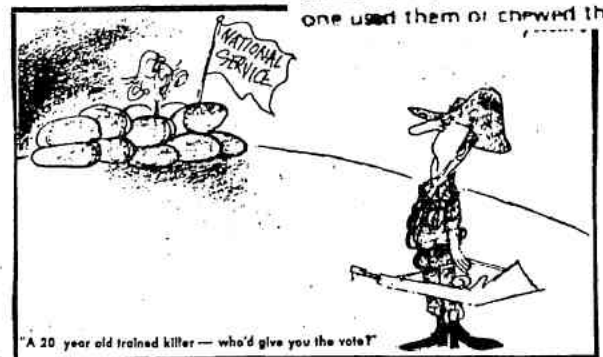
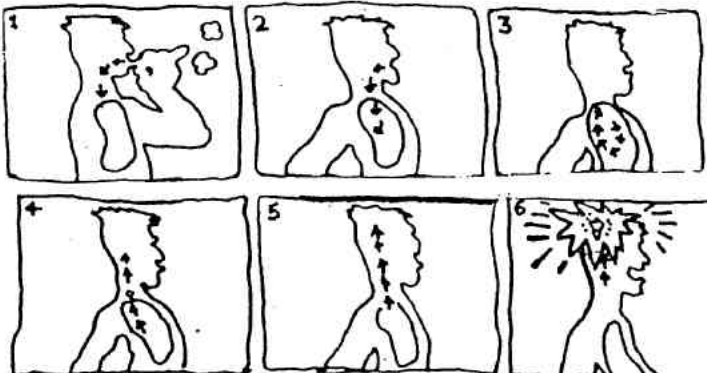
The motion concerning the contraceptive machine in fact went before the Students' Association on Wednesday 19th April, and was passed convincingly after a short debate and an attempted amendment which would make the Students' Association responsible for over the counter sales of condoms in the Union. The amendment failed, and one of the few speakers opposing the motion said that it was irresponsible to dispense contraceptives liberally when they had such dubious side-effects. Mr Salzer replied that the side-effects of condoms depended on whether one used them or chewed them.



## Sanctuary under construction

### Warrant issued

Following the issue of a warrant last Friday for the arrest of ANU student Steve Padgham, for his failure to obey a call-up notice, all the university students and staff must realise that the S.A. sanctuary motion is no longer of mere symbolic value. If Steve is to avoid the 18 month jail sentence which would certainly follow his arrest, he will be forced to seek food, shelter and physical protection from the workers and residents of this campus. The responsibility of making ANU an effective sanctuary by preparing escape routes, refuges and pig defence groups now rests upon the shoulders of each and every member of the Students' Association, which has so solidly endorsed Draft Resistance in principle.



"A 20 year old trained killer — who'd give you the vote!"

### falsies

FALSIES: Trot along to your local Post Office and get some National Service registration forms — fill them in with the name of any friendly innocent citizen, being careful to avoid filling in forms for draft-resisters, and bring them to the DRU in the ANUSRC office in the Union. And if you personally are thinking of dodging the draft or registering as a Conscientious Objector, phone 492444 and ask to speak to Claude Baxter, or a DRU member, for some friendly counselling.

THE AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL UNIVERSITY

THE SCHOOL OF GENERAL STUDIES

MEMBER FOR

DEPARTMENT OF CHEMISTRY

The Academic Registrar

11 October 1972

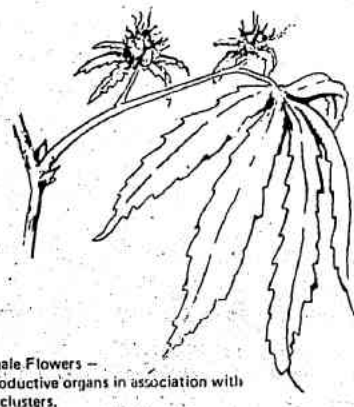
I have to advise that Mr Richard Burford, student, has continued to appear in this Department with bare feet in spite of warnings that this is contrary to Departmental regulations, clearly promulgated on notice boards. He has today verbally refused to obey these regulations and has, in my view, behaved in a grossly insulting manner. Such behaviour cannot be tolerated and I would be grateful if you would advise Mr Burford that he is getting down grass in the absence of a satisfactory apology, they should ignore his presence in any classes for which he is enrolled and that any written work or examination scripts should not be marked.

*D.A. Brown*  
D.A. Brown  
Professor of Botany

*M. S. Campbell*  
City for your information

## The Seeds of Hope

Growing grass is easy enough. You can just plant seeds and let them grow or not, on their own. But grass is a plant in very delicate balance with its environment, for all its apparent strength. As with people, whether or not a plant merely survives is not a real issue. Harmony and balance should be created between the vital forces in the plant and the beneficial aspects of the environment, if its life is to have high quality.



Female Flowers — reproductive organs in association with leaf clusters.

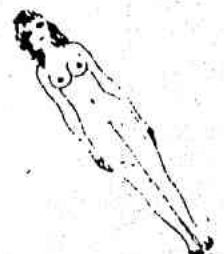


Male Flower — pods occur separately from clusters.



### rooted

A play by Australian Alex Buzo, Produced by Australian Theatre Workshop.





# THEODORE'S THEATRE THECTION!

The first of Woroni's new theatre pages, with celebrated theatre correspondent, Theodore Mustapha. Known to millions of theatre lovers throughout the world, Mustapha is perhaps best remembered for his infamous review of the 1957 Libyan production of *Romeo and Juliet*, when his headline "Take the veil off, Juliet!", caused rioting in the streets of Tripoli.



## THEATRE THEPEAK

This issue Theodore speaks with Colin Anderson, well known director and Senior Lecturer in Drama at Charles Sturt University, Wagga.

**THEODORE:** Well Colin, welcome to the world of Woroni, and what a sick world it is! I'd like to start by asking you about your work in Wagga, which will be of interest to the many Drama students here. Firstly, how long have you worked at Charles Sturt University?

**COLIN:** Well Theodore, I was at Charles Sturt long before it was called Charles Sturt. All up I've been there 19 years. My original brief was to introduce Theatre Studies, the main objective being to teach drama to students training to be teachers, as a tool for the classroom, and a little training in "putting on the school play".

**THEODORE:** What Drama courses do you offer now?

**COLIN:** Well, in the late 70's when the bottom fell out of teacher training, we developed an Associate Diploma course, that has developed further, and now we have a BA course, with four strands: Theatre - Acting, Theatre - Production, Television, and Audio. We are trying to give actors a rounded training - for both the stage and television. For so long Australian actors have been trained primarily for the stage and have had to adjust to the very different nature of working in front of a camera. Our course is very practical. Kerry McGuire is the first lecturer in "acting for the camera", that we have appointed.

**THEODORE:** Any discussion of "studying" acting brings up the ugly question of how one assesses acting, or for that matter any art. How are your students assessed?

**COLIN:** Well, there is an element of academic work, which is assessed like any other course. The actual acting of a student is assessed on practical exercises, looking at how

much preparation has gone into the piece, how imaginative it is and the like.

**THEODORE:** You, like anyone, have your own personal tastes when it comes to the theatre. Do students just try and do what they know you'll like?

**COLIN:** It's not really any different to other academia, in that a student should want to do well for themselves, not for a lecturer. What I'm looking for is students that reason that "It's not what Colin wants, it's what he wants me to think about." We do, however, have a panel for some of the practical assessment, so that it's not just one person's opinion that matters. But really it's not so different from assessing anything - everything is subjective.

**THEODORE:** In that case what are you "subjectively" looking for in assessing someones acting?

**COLIN:** We're looking for "thinking actors".

**THEODORE:** On the topic of subjectivity, can I ask you about your personal taste in theatre? What sort of theatre do you like?

**COLIN:** What I go to the theatre for is to be "transported", that can be an intellectual process of making me think about something, or even the more light hearted feeling of having escaped for an hour or two to a happier world, of being reminded of the fun times of life.

**THEODORE:** At the moment you're directing Rep's 17th Old Time Music Hall, here in Canberra. It's certainly a production that aims to give the audience a good time, but do you view it as a serious piece of theatre? There are theatre goers who would scoff at the notion.

**COLIN:** Well I can't stand theatre snobs of any kind, whether it's those that view the more traditional, or popular as a waste of time, or on the other hand the type of person who refuses to appreciate anything different or experimental.

**THEODORE:** But how do we reconcile the popular with the experimental?

**COLIN:** We must break new ground, but that doesn't mean that more traditional theatre is less valid. It's important not to like or dislike something because of what

other people think. Personally, I hate "Waiting for Godot", but I can't deny that others see a great deal in it, and their opinion is perfectly valid.

**THEODORE:** Naturally people's taste in theatre is dependant on their experience, how did you first get involved in theatre?

**COLIN:** Well, initially at university in Newcastle, and then when I went to Sydney I was invited to work with SUDS [Sydney Uni Drama Society, for the dummies - TM], since then I've worked all over the place, doing a very wide variety of theatre.

**THEODORE:** Well, Colin, what productions are you working on this year at Charles Sturt?

**COLIN:** We'll be doing a wide range of stuff. "Kid Stakes" by Ray Lawlor, the first part of the "doll" trilogy. "Zoo" by Dorothy Hewitt. "Photographs" by Noel Hodda. Then of course there'll be our student revue.

**THEODORE:** Well, Colin, thanks for taking time out from rehearsals to talk to Woroni, good luck with all the productions and of course with Music Hall which opens on the 30th of this month.



## THIPPETS

Drama Convenor Pierre Bokor who leaves ANU at the end of this Semester, has delayed his departure from Australia to fit in a few more productions. He's certainly got a lot on his plate - last weekend and next weekend two play readings, directed by him and sponsored by the Canadian and French embassies respectively, will be/have been on in the Drama Lab of the ANU. "Exit the King" by Eugene Ionesco Friday 31 May, 8 pm, Saturday 1 June, 3 pm, tickets \$5 at the door. He's also got a production of "Camelot", for the ANU Arts Centre starting rehearsal soon, and a co-production

with Meryl Tankard "Circo" (His 100th production!). And just to top it off, he's agreed to direct CADS next show - "CUT!" (see CADS Corner).

Rep auditioned for "The Rivals" on Saturday 25th May, lots of ANU students were planning to audition, so best of luck to all of them, we should here soon if any got parts.

Opened Saturday 25th - Ralph Wilson's production of Chekhov's "The Seagull", at The Ralph Wilson Theatre, Gorman House.

Also opened Saturday 25th - CADS Double Bill: Two Short Comedies by Jean Tardieu plus Thimply Thurber! (see CADS Corner).

Opens Thursday 30th May - Re 17th Old Time Music Hall, Al Arts Centre. Word is, this lit money spinner of Rep's is already sold out!

## CORNER

**AUDITIONS:** For CADS next production "CUT!" by Lyle Victor Albert, to be directed by Pierre Bokor, opens late July. Auditions will be on Thursday May 30th, from 5 pm onwards. You need to prepare a short monologue (3-4 mins) from a classical piece of theatre. Sign up for 10 minute audition time, on the CADS wall outside the Drama Lab at the back of the Arts Centre. Everyone is welcome to audition!

### IT'S STILL NOT TOO LATE TO SEE THE CADS DOUBLE BILL!

Two Short Comedies by Jean Tardieu, directed by Martin Krippner plus Thimply Thurber, directed by Eulea Kiraly.

Opened Saturday 25th, but continues Monday 27th, Tuesday 28th May, 8 pm, Drama Lab, ANU Arts Centre. Tickets: Students - \$5, Non-Students - \$6, CADS members - \$4.

A

R

T

e

Alan casts an eye at some of the latest releases and re-releases, while Dave Watson gets a namecheck.

## Parker & Corris

*Playmates* Robert B. Parker 222pp Penguin paperback  
*Browning in Buckskin* Peter Corris 205pp Penguin paperback

Too many PI's still borrow too much from Chandler's Marlowe and Hammet's Spade. Spenser, like Travis McGee (by John D. MacDonald) is wittily unique in his gastronomic muscularity, familiarity with the better portions of literature, and of course his relationship with Susan Silverman; practitioner of psychiatry and holder of a doctorate. One needs to read one of these books to understand—Parker somehow blends these seemingly disparate elements into a believable character.

*Playmates* is the latest of the series to enter paperback and is a fine representative. The Taft University basketball team is suspected of shaving points, and Spenser's investigations point to Dwayne Woodcock, its star player. While Dwayne can't read, he maintains a C+ academic average. Spenser naturally assumes some fixing has been done, and has to decide what to do about it—and Dwayne. Being Spenser, he tries to take the criminals without harming the boy, but with unfriendly gunmen trying to kill him it will take Susan and Hawk's help to bring a successful conclusion.

The best things about *Playmates* are the best elements common to the series. Unlike most detective novels, Parker does not fill his work with red herrings, dense covneys of characters or overkill violence. Instead, investigations proceed in a linear fashion, and often knowing whodunit is not as difficult as getting them put away. The dialogue crackles back and forth, but again, not the usual 'hardboiled' patter but wryly sardonic, with the occasional flash of pure genius. Spenser is probably the best 'private eye' type currently operating. Peter Corris used to have a close competitor to Spenser in the shape of Cliff Hardy, until he began to churn them out. Until then, they were superb; now, of course, he writes not only the Hardy series but the Pokerface and Browning series also. The latest installment of the latter, *Browning in Buckskin*, is a readable effort that still smacks of mass-production. Of course, nowadays most books on retailers' shelves do, but one expects a little more from the man who wrote *The Empty Beach* and *The Dying Trade*.

The plot involves Australian anti-hero Robert Browning in the USA of the Depression. In the last book, he lost his air transport business and the opening finds him on the run "from a lawsuit brought by his first wife". A man used to conniving, scheming and lying to get what he wants, he fits in naturally with the movie industry, but first has encounters with a plotting motel owner, vagrancy and tuberculosis, and the Ku Klux Klan. Slow at the start, the pace soon speeds up, and finishes—after an encounter and fight with Errol Flynn—on a heavily ironic note, as his agent promises to get him into *Gone With the Wind*, "the biggest thing that's gonna come out of this town." Browning replies, "I don't want to be in *Gone* with the bloody *Wind*. It's a sure-fire turkey. I want to be in *Santa Fe Trail* with Flynn and Ronnie Reagan." This book is workmanlike and well-executed, especially the setting—Corris' America is convincing and detailed. Unfortunately, it lacks that spark of genius, but for an evening's entertainment it beats watching television. Unless it's *Black Adder*.

*No Fault Negotiating* Len Leritz 293pp Thorsons paperback  
*I Want to Change but I Don't Know How* Tom Rusk & Randy Read 330pp Thorsons paperback

I have a slight ideological problem with self-help/positive mental attitude books: I disagree with some of their philosophy. That is, loving yourself is the greatest love (didn't Whitney Houston say the same thing?)—I don't buy that at all. That said, they do make useful reading, especially when one needs a reminder that things can be changed. And *I Want to Change...* (written by two psychiatrists) bears the dedication, "Just what the



turbation' mode but one senses that it comes more from the authors' frustration at recalcitrant people; too afraid, or set, to change. Usefully, it also has many exercises and while I agree with their further comment—"Ideally, self-help books should self-destruct after use"—this is not a bad book to read when frustrated.

## SNAKE OIL?

world needs, another self-help book..." which signals that this is not an ordinary "dream and be great" paean. The authors write, "There's a cynical 'snake oil remedy' about much of the self-help industry...It's a pathetic routine of packaging and promotion—worthwhile approaches become simplified into rigid commands or are inflated into grand-sounding peptalks that are little more than psychological masturbation." (p.130) This doesn't excuse the book from sometimes dropping into that 'psychological mas-

*No-Fault Negotiating* sounded a lot worse than it was. Books on negotiation are increasingly common and again this is probably one of the better examples. The author goes on to discuss his five categories of people: enforcers, scorekeepers, peacemakers, rebel producers and generators; then goes through four principles and the process of negotiation itself. The last section is headed "What to do on Monday morning" which in itself is a pleasant touch.

## Fluff and Promise

*Uncle Dynamite* PG Wodehouse 250pp Penguin paperback  
*A Gentleman of Leisure* PG Wodehouse 250pp Penguin paperback

Long one of my favourite authors, Wodehouse still evokes the fluff and promise of the Edwardian age better than any other. He said, "I believe there are two ways of writing novels. One is mine, making a sort of musical comedy without music and ignoring real life altogether..." and he was in fact the part author of eighteen musical comedies.

All this is manifest in *A Gentleman of Leisure*, which opens with two chapters of crisp, virtually vaudeville dialogue and embroils the hero into mistaken identity, English country weekends, Bowery burglars and unpleasant fathers, all in pursuit of the girl of his dreams—whom he has seen only from afar, on board the *Mauretania*. In

all fairness it must be admitted she seems to be an airhead. All in all, a classic Wodehousian recipe for disaster and denouement which brings all the right people together for all the wrong reasons. So it is strange that it sits slightly oddly—feels somehow off-balance. More than anything else, Wodehouse is best-known for the Jeeves series of novels. These books (along with the *Blindings Castle* epics, Mr Mulliner and the two *Ickenhams* books, of which *Uncle Dynamite* is one) bring farce to a fine art, and the same elements are juggled in a small space (usually a country house or castle) until love reigns supreme. His greatest talent is to make these gentle

stereotypes appear fresh, because of the sealed (and ludicrous) world they inhabit. *A Gentleman of Leisure* does not confine itself as narrowly, nor does the action take place over a mere week or so—in fact several years pass in the middle section. Hence, it loses some of the magic. Conversely, *Uncle Dynamite* truly is 'vintage Wodehouse'. Frederick Altamont Cornwallis, fifth Earl of Ickenhams and inveterate meddler in the affairs of man (specifically his nephew, Pongo Twistleton) gaily flits and impersonates his way in his oft-mentioned desire to "spread sweetness and light". His delicate mixes of farce and stereotype, in which an unhappy ending is as unimaginable as dining in shooting-coat, still enchant.

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**RABBIT FOOD**

This is the restaurant review column for every vegetarian who's ever had to pick all the meat off a supreme pizza for the sake of their beliefs. We salute you.

This weeks excursion into the realms of vegetarian cuisine and culture consciousness led us to investigate the claims of a mainly mainstream restaurant, concerning their vegetarian menu.

Having been a vegetarian for a few years now, I cannot help but feel a trifle cynical about most mainstream restaurants token efforts to cater for vegetarians, but happily, The Shah of India was a pleasant surprise.

For a start, it's situated just beside the Bin and Waffles — easily within walking distance from University and just the place to go for a meal before a heavy night doing-your-funky-thing at the nightclub.

Best of all (and probably most important) was the meal. As well as meat dishes, the Shah of India has six different vegetarian main course meals, as well as a couple of veggie entrees, side salads (natch) and the most delicious rice I've ever tasted, which is apparently specially imported from India.

Never having experienced real Indian cooking before I was delighted with the various dishes we chose and would especially recommend the cheese pakora (the closest thing to chicken nuggets a veggo can get — eat your heart out Colonel Saunders) as an entree, with Malai Koftu (vegetarian meatballs and sauce) for the main meal and Kulfi (ice-cream and mango) as dessert.

Special features of the restaurant include an authentic Tandoor even which (presumably along with the rice) was

imported from India by Narsingh, a chef of 15 years standing.

The restaurant has a laid back atmosphere, being decorated in traditional Indian style with large paintings and murals strategically placed along the walls as well as mellow sitar music plinking away in the background.

And if all this has not stirred your tastebuds to a hankering for Indian cuisine, the Shah of India has a bottle shop out the front which effectively means that any alcoholic beverage you'd care to name can be obtained at relatively low prices (i.e. beer: \$1.50 a glass).

Finally, there's a special offer for uni students at the moment which involves 20% discount of all alcohol at bottleshop prices for groups of ten or more ... (hic). Overall, I was most impressed with the variety and quality of our meal, as well as the efficient and speedy service — definitely another 8/10.

—Theresa Daniel



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# POETRY

## HE BECOMES A human being on HIS DEATH BED.

He becomes a human being  
 on his death bed  
 for life, and her pleasures  
 were soon over and where honesty (like a smack)  
 was a toy:  
 played with, like the little tricks  
 played on friends and family,  
 (to be) pulled out of a hat  
 whenever necessary,  
 which was rare;  
 honesty was now golden  
 like life, which he did not respect.  
 and the leaves and the smiles and the love  
 would all soon be gone.  
 a real treasure appreciated  
 far too late.

William Owen, 1991

## the third plane

so high  
 i ate the essence of a pear  
 & licked its juices  
 from my cool fingers

so high  
 i cut another  
 with a knife-shaped sword  
 of power to glide  
 thru the essence of pear

so high  
 the physical, the mental,

So HIGH  
 & came into  
 being

so high on the third plane

of reality

being

so high of reality

the third plane.

wait, i'm no pilot -  
 who's flying this plane?  
 (dropping to second plane)

... down & i'll have another  
 piece of pear now please.

as i feel the essence, the energy & i'm  
 so high

when i turn off  
 the lights, lie down  
 & journey to a plane  
 beyond dreams.

Soul Jimmy,  
Modern Merry-Day Tripster

## the gardener with one soft shoe

from his distance  
 he saw the kitten/mad-faced cat  
 impersonal  
 leaping gazelle-like  
 free as a shanghai-bullet  
 shooting the greensward

then he saw this junior  
 bag of shit  
 on legs  
 approach/waiting  
 to unload on his garden or on  
 his one good foot

MJL

## The Rooms Of Others

They commodified your tears  
 Like black tinsel  
 As I spoke to you in a  
 Palaced land  
 On velveteen couches  
 We talked of souls for hours  
 Bodies emaciated the seraphs bear

Epicycles/panelled rooms  
 Skeletal bronze globes of our sky  
 Octupii gnarl galleons  
 I played video games  
 Then dreamt of lost science

Through concrete streets you drive  
 Old holdens/take autumn walks  
 Vinyl, pot luck, paper houses  
 Desktop computer schedules chores  
 For others in doorless rooms

Gerald Keaney

## Reading Dostoyevsky

the thought of flies waking up  
 had never occurred to him,  
 but the line stated simply:  
 "...some flies woke up  
 and settled on the untouched veal".

he laughed hysterically  
 why, flies were omnipresent  
 whether hiding  
 or driven by boldness  
 they were always there  
 flies never slept!

imagine those large, frondose orbs  
 (heavy with slumber)  
 crinkling closed for the night  
 wracked wings letting go of tension  
 the mind preparing for  
 fly-release through dreamtime  
 in the still, cold porridge of sleep

then it's wake-up time!  
 mamma fly appears in her many big boots  
 it's time to go a-savenging  
 shhhhh... other flies are sleeping  
 you might wake them

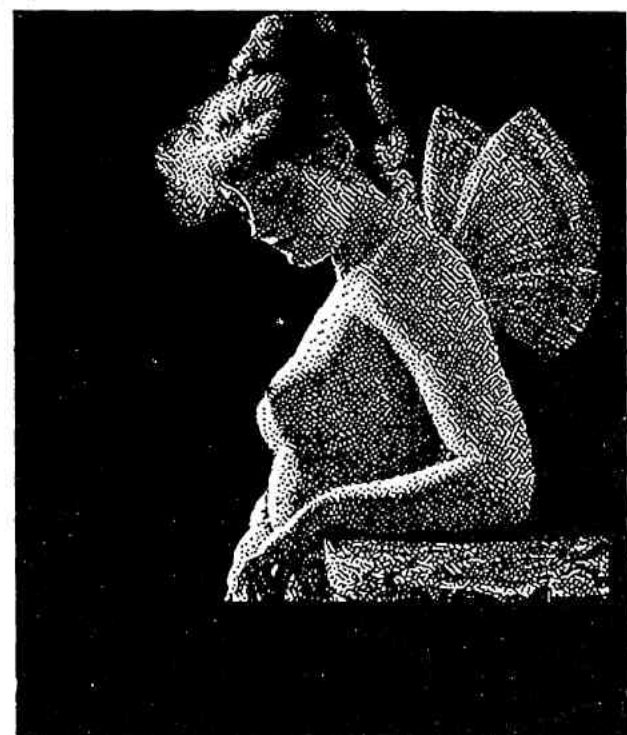
houses full of sleeping flies  
 indeed, he thought  
 putting down the book/watching the room darken  
 his hearing strangely acute

MJL

waiting  
 for a word  
 a move  
 a sigh  
 that never comes  
 a count of kisses.  
 Tiny sums.

the lovers  
 parting  
 lash on lash  
 hair on hair  
 sigh on sigh  
 one, more sorry  
 to say goodbye

S. Burns



# From a New Heaven to a New Earth

This critique is directed at the Green movement of Australia. The Green Movement is a foundationless edifice of vacuous superficiality and hypocrisy. Greens have built up a huge monolith of bullshit and sleaze that has completely perverted the Movement's inspirational basis. They have taken an utterly wrong approach to the problems confronting us.

To see how Greens strayed from the path it is first necessary to examine what exactly their motives are. What is it they desire? Last month's Woroni spoke of such things as 'Live simply so that others may simply live', 'Every species and people has a right to live' and so on. We can analyse these statements further to find ethical concerns, sentiments of sharing and compassion, beliefs about human status relative to other species and so on and so on. Of course, these things can be further reduced into different aspects and components and the process can continue indefinitely. Thus we soon become bogged down in useless philosophical argument.

It is at this point that analysis must stop. We must step outside our logical straitjackets to discover why the Greens do what they do. Here we find there is a certain feeling that Greens, like many others, have experienced. It is the feeling that possesses us when we are immersed in a rainforest, when we watch dolphins swimming glorious and free, or simply when we gaze at the stars on a clear night. On such occasions we know that we are in the Earth and the Earth is in us. It is this - the Unity, the Transcendent, the Mystic - that gives Greens their energy and

inspiration.

Having glimpsed the Eternal, the Greens naturally wish to sustain its manifestations, to preserve what is good and beautiful. Yet all around they see humans ravishing the planet. Greed sweeps over the lands consuming everything in its path, laying all to waste. The desire to own, to possess, to control and to dominate has grown into a cancerous monster of the human Psyche. The powers of good are in abeyance and the situation is indeed tragic.

Hence the Greens, having witnessed the antithesis of the Mystic, wish to rebuke the forces of destruction. But what methods do they use? Do they dissolve themselves deeper into the One, allowing it to inspire and to guide them? Alas no. Instead, in order to extinguish Greed they have embraced it. They have formed huge organisations designed to seduce and trap the unwary. They engage in fundraising campaigns and utilise every sinister device of capitalism to feed their enterprise. They have committees and conferences where all of the most base, aggressive and acquisitive of human attributes come to the fore. **Worst of all, they have entwined themselves within the most evil, ambitious and selfish institution there is - politics.** Greens are engrossed in the most inevitably futile task of quenching fire with fire.

Greed has suffused the Greens totally - not only at group level but also at an individual level. Rather than

giving their souls selflessly and gratefully, Greens indulge in self-aggrandisement and vanity. They gloat upon their throne of self-satisfaction, content in believing they are the enlightened ones. Self-righteously they exalt their own examples. They jockey and compete with each other. Lustfully they strive to establish a career path for themselves, leading to the higher echelons of Greedom. There is essentially no difference between the vile machinations of our millionaires and the devilish scheming of ambitious Greens.

**The Green Movement is a foundationless edifice of vacuous superficiality and hypocrisy.**

The actions of a Green are not sacrifices for a dying planet. Rather, they are offered at the altar of Greed, Desire and self-glorification.

**This is how the Green movement fucked up.**

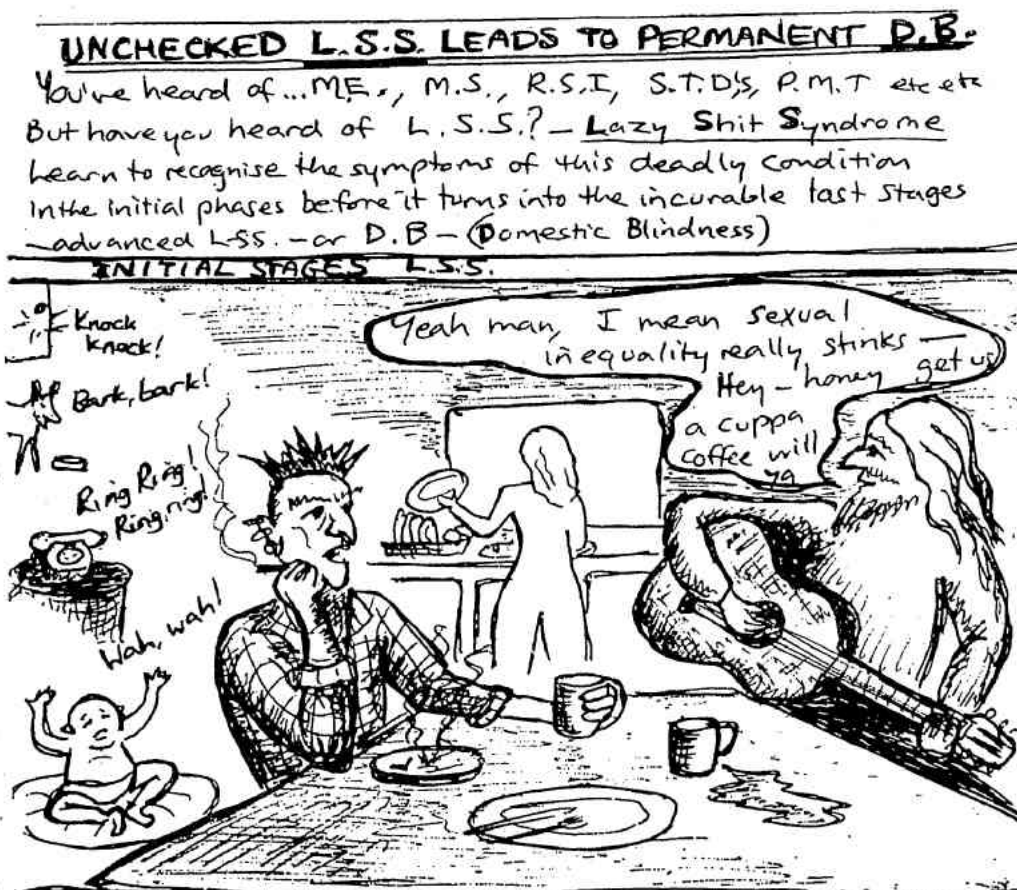
What began as a sincere heartfelt devotion to the Mystic was corrupted and subverted by the very forces it was trying to overcome. When the movement coalesced into a coherent whole, the opportunists, the careerists, the parasites and the leaches took over (the same can be said of the salivating, putrid vulture that is the New Age movement). Instead of remaining an elusive force united only by the unbreakable bonds of spiritual strength, the Green movement degenerated. It became an organisation, a corporation, a political party and ultimately, just another Greed machine.

Hope for the Greens lies only in one course of action. Our leaders (yes, I am one of you) are unwitting servants of Greed. We must abandon

m. We must disband them, disorganise, let the repugnant monolith of Greenness melt away. **We must retreat to our homes and shelters. There remain to pursue a deep inward search, to look inside our hearts of darkness.** We must see through the illusion that we are, into the infinity that lies beyond. Only then, when our Greed is expunged and we know that we are not, can we act. Then we can begin anew. Then we can use Greed as a tool, for Greed is the motor of evolution. But Greed will not overwhelm as it has before, because there will be nothing upon which it will crystallise, no self on which to accrete. From the ashes of our Greed and of its own self-accord a new religion will arise. This will be the Earth's saviour. A religion without leaders, without committees, without words.

I hear murmurs of discontent. You say we must act immediately, for it will soon be too late. But you are clinging to your beautiful Earth. Clinging is desire and desire is Greed. Greed is the only problem. Even if we legislatively secured every inch of forest in Australia, do you think that would matter in 100 or 1000 years? If Greed is still dominant, such legislation could be repealed in the blink of a devouring eye. Until Greed is conquered all that transpires is self-comforting masturbation. We can continue to spurt destruction over the Earth, or we can embrace the One... Come, let us expunge ourselves.

Theodore Ut





# The Cockroaches

The Cockroaches have a reputation for being one of the hardest working bands in Australia, constantly gigging for almost a decade. This experience shows in the wonderful show the Cockroaches put on at Queanbeyan on May 19 supporting 1927. The band has a new single out this week, "I Must Have Been Blind", and their third album "Positive" is due within the month.

The group played a mixture of old and new songs, including "Some Kind Of Girl", "Double Shot" and "Permanently Single", and a brilliant new song "One Step Closer To You".

The degree of audience participation was staggering for a supporting band. By the third song the Field brothers were having the audience singing for them, and this continued through the set. John Field even taught the crowd the chorus to "One Step Closer To You" before the song started, so the crowd could sing along to "bit by bit, little by little, step by step and side by side".

The showmanship was incredible. The band jumped around, swapped mikes, threw "rock guitarist" poses and did strange dances. They appeared to be having a hell of a lot of fun.

At one point John was teaching the crowd a little dance, but it wasn't happening, so he climbed into the middle of the crowd and led them in the dance. (Dave Watson here is your name check). He had fifty or so people on the dancefloor all moving in unison, and it looked great.

The Cockroaches are a fun band, and if you want a great night out, even if you're not a fan, check out the Cockroaches next time they're in town. This band is a must see.

## 1927— LIVE?

I don't really like 1927. Their inoffensiveness makes me want to gag. They seem to be so contrived, so planned. I was expecting a note perfect, well synchronised performance from the band. I got that, but I wasn't expecting it to be quite so dull and uninspiring.

It started off well, with a taped intro and good lights, and the band singing a couple of their better singles. A pair of new songs weren't up to scratch, and by half way through I was hoping the amps would catch alight.

A telling comment on the performance was when they were singing a slow ballad and the electric piano went out of tune. There was an embarrassed silence while the piano was re-tuned, although drums, bass, guitar and vocals were working perfectly. Why not do another song, or improvise? Eric asked the audience if anyone knew a good joke. Some wag in the audience (okay, it was me) called out "1927".

When the first set finally ended we, and several dozen others, left, before the encore. The couple behind us were saying that 1927 weren't as good as they expected.

I agree, and I wasn't expecting much.

Blind Boy didn't deliver on Marianne Faithfull and Daryl Braithwaite. In the next issue see how he goes with:  
**SCREAMING JETS**

live at Queanbeyan Leagues

**PAUL KELLY & THE MESSENGERS**

live at ANU on June 4

**HOODOO GURUS**

live at UNIC on June 18

**THE CHOIRBOYS**

live at Queanbeyan Leagues

Club on June 23

After the show I went backstage to meet the Cockroaches, six great guys. They were really accomadating, delaying their return to Sydney, asking Katrina and I about our courses and Uni, and answering questions about themselves. We talked about their overseas ambitions ("We're hoping for another Fairstar cruise", "We'd like to do an American college tour"), Paul's excellent charity work in aid of Cot Death (S.I.D.S) and the new album.

*Blind Boy - How does the new album compare to the other two you've done?*

John Field - It's so much better. You wouldn't believe it's us.

Tony Henry - It's not.

Paul Field - The Stones had a couple of weeks off, so..

*BB - So what are some of the songs on the album?*

John - The song we just did then, "Bit By Bit, Little By Little", and "Good Good Good, It's Gotta Be Good" which we did tonight too. We spent a lot of time and money recording it, so there's a lot of different stuff on it. Little catchy pop stuff to straight rock and roll to all sorts of styles.

Paul - Also good value for money, a recession buster fourteen tracks on the single album. We made sure we put as many as we could on it.

Anthony Field - Just in case. Just in case it's our last one.

*BB - What are some of the other singles on "Positive"?*

John - There's a lot of good stuff on it. Some of it's very soft actually, and it's a bit of a change from the rock and rollies.

Tony - A lot of harmonies, a bit Beach Boysy at times.

*BB - One of your strong points is your vocal strength...*

Tony - Bullshit (disguised as cough). Nah, I would of said our great strength was our rhythm section.

*BB - You obviously love playing live, how did tonight compare with some of the other shows you've done?*

John - Good, tonight was good. The only bad thing about playing live is the driving. (The band travelled from Sydney that night, arriving at 8:30, and left to go back at 10:30).

Anthony - We've had some wild times.

John - If you have a hit single you can fly everywhere, but we haven't had one for a while so..



Blind Boy's kind of people: the Cockroaches

Anthony - If you take a lot of drugs you can fly everywhere.

*BB - Were you disappointed with the sales of "Hope", your last single?*

John - Yeah. But we were mainly disappointed it didn't get airplay. If it had got airplay and sold like it did then we would have been disappointed.

Tony - It had the chance to be a number one single.

Paul - Every song has the chance to be a number one single.

John - Yeah, the new album's good, it doesn't have any drum machines. It's all him and our bass player.

Anthony - If they write down "him" they won't know who it is.

John - Ha ha. The famous "him".

Anthony - But with the article, if they write it verbatim, who will "him" be?

John - Oh, yeah, right. Tony Henry, the

best drummer in the band. You know something funny, we always have a good time down here in Canberra. (General agreement).

*BB - Yeah, I saw you supporting the Hoodoo Gurus at Bruce Stadium in 1987.*

John - Oh, that show where we came on nude.

*BB - Most of you came on in crutches.*

Paul - Mine were real.

John - Bruce holds what, 5000 people? A lot of them needed counselling after I came on in underpants. Actually that was a good night, the last night of the tour with the Hoodoo Gurus.

*BB - The next single is...*

Paul - "I Must Have Been Blind"

*BB - You didn't play that tonight.*

Tony - No, we'd have to concentrate too much on it.

John - We haven't been playing much of the stuff on the new album yet, we're going to wait until it comes out. Otherwise you get a bit jaded.

*BB - I was impressed by the amount of audience participation you got.*

John - So was I. It was nice. The new video has a lovely girl in the clip.

*BB - That should help the sales.*

Paul - It'll be on Video Smash Hits on the weekend. Look out for John, and Lucy, the model. They met in the morning, and said "John, can you lie on the couch, and Lucy, can you get on top of him?" to start the shooting.

John - We had to cavort as if we were long time lovers.

*BB - Do you have to make these sort of sacrifices often?*

Anthony - She had to get paid double.

John - It was really pleasant, a nice thing.

Anthony - What can be bad about it?

John - But it wasn't embarrassing or anything.

Paul - It'd be bad when she gets off.

John - Yeah, can we do another take?

Many thanks to the Cockroaches, Kevin Grace (Queanbeyan Leagues Club), Danny Herringe and Sue Noel (Mental Management)



The Screaming Jets are a new hard rock quintet from Newcastle who have just released their debut album "All For One" and played at the Queanbeyan Leagues Club last night. Look for the live review next time. The Screaming Jets have set the charts on fire, providing a raw edge that's been missing in this age of dance and rap. Their single, "Better", is firmly in the top five, and the album debuted last week at number three, and this week is at number two. The third release from the album, following the "Scorching Adventures of The Screaming Jets" EP and "Better" is a new single "Stop The World". I talked to lead singer Dave Gleeson about the album and plans for world domination.

*Blind Boy - Were you surprised at the response of the album?*

Dave Gleeson - Yeah. We were expecting it to chart high, but it was only the week before that PolyGram told us it would debut in the top ten.

*BB - What are your biggest influences?*

Dave - For the band it would be AC/DC and Kiss. Personally I like bluesy stuff like the Doors.

*BB - What's the best concert you've seen?*

Dave - The Newcastle Earthquake Relief Concert. It had a great vibe.

*BB - What singles have you got coming up?*

Dave - We've re recorded "Shine On" for a single. Probably it'll be "No Point" after that. That's one of the hardest things, deciding which songs will be singles and which ones will just be album tracks. The album has nine or ten potential singles, the only one not in contention is "F.R.C.". (Fat Rich C\*nts).

*BB - You had a hand in writing "C\*mon" and "Fat Rich C\*nts". Were they done in anger?*

Dave - Yeah. I also wrote "Stop The World", another song like that. I also write a lot of poetry, and that's more love stuff.

*BB - What are your personal favourites on the album?*

Dave - "Starting Out", "Shine On" and "Fat Rich C\*nts".

*BB - What was the story behind "Needle"?*

Dave - had a friend who overdosed, who was shooting up in the same room as him.

*BB - What are your plans for America?*

Dave - We've released an EP over there

already, with "F.R.C.", "Blue Sashes" and "Sister Tease". Last week that was the most added single on Hard Rock, which is big stuff.

Our management is going out to June to set stuff up for us. The album will be released in September, and in Europe at the same time.

*BB - Is it the same track listing as here?*

Dave - Yeah, except the album won't have "F.R.C." on it.

*BB - How many songs did you record for the album?*

Dave - Fifteen. "Rocket Man" is on the b-side of "Better", another one called "Time And Time Again" on the b-side of "Stop The World" and there was one other.

*BB - Your record company, rooArt, has been doing some good deals on your music. CD singles for \$5, a video pack and single for \$10. Does this help?*

Dave - Yeah, it's good value for money. Like a live show, people want more than to just hear the music. Get value for your money.

*BB - What can we expect from a Screaming Jets concert?*

Dave - A no holds barred, balls to the wall rock and roll show.

*BB - Any other cliches you'd like to add to that?*

Dave - Yeah. Rock on! Jani Lane taught me that one.



**PUNCHLINE:** SO MUCH FOR 120 SAFETY FEATURES!





# IN

## THE HETEROSEXUALS GUIDE TO SEXUAL FULFILMENT



When two people love each other, they consummate their love by joining together.

At night, after you have gone to bed, you may have heard noises coming from Mummy and Daddy's room. They are performing heterosexual penetration. When Daddy wants to show his love for Mummy, his "penis" becomes hard and he puts it into Mummy, then they both go to sleep. In the morning before Daddy goes to work he takes it out again.

During the night however, Mr Sperm met Mrs Egg and then a baby comes out through the belly button.

One day when you are old enough and have found a suitable partner, you may choose to engage in sexual activity. For some of you it may involve having it off.

To prevent a baby from coming out of the girl, you may decide to take some precautions. Here are some of the ways to stop those unwanted pregnancies.

### The Pill

The pill works by putting extra female hormones into the bloodstream. This may cause adverse effects such as death, brain damage or prolonged bouts of severe flatulence. One handy feature of the pill is that it maintains that appealing Joan Kirner figure.

### I.U.D.S

This is a surgically implanted machine that beats off prospective sperm. They have occasionally been known to pick up KIX 106.3 so if you hear your womb wocking, you know what it is.-eds!!

### Diaphragms

These are a multi functional device. After sex, go onto the roof, lie down, spread your legs and use the diaphragm as a satellite dish to pick up American MTV.

### Condoms

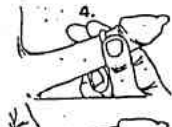
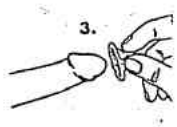
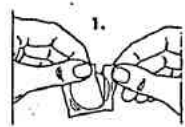
Condoms are made from sheep intestine, the rejects of which go to make haggis. When you go to a chemist to purchase some condoms, be sure to specify the size you require. Don't be afraid to ask for the extra small variety, remember it's not the size that counts, it's what you do with it -Yeah good one needle dick.

Here is a questionnaire to help you work out which form of contraception is the most suitable for you and your partner.

1. What do you get when you cross a boomerang with a football?
  - a. ChickaFerguson
  - b. A boom-ball
  - c. Shitcoloredcheeseslices
2. What does contraception mean to you?
  - a. A responsible attitude towards sex
  - b. A device used to maim parking inspectors
  - c. Who cares if she gets pregnant I can just piss off
3. How big is your partners dick?
  - a. 10 inches
  - b. 14 inches
  - c. Quite large
4. What do you smother yourself in when you have sex?
  - a. Tabasco sauce
  - b. CanberraRaider's posters
  - c. Saliva
5. What publications do you read to arouse yourself?
  - a. Russ Hinze's guide to sexual utopia
  - b. Bart Simpson's guide to sexual utopia
  - c. IN

### Scoring

If you even attempted this questionnaire you are a complete idiot, so scoring is a pointless exercise.



### Sexual Position Number 61

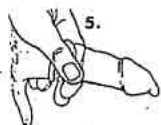
This week we explore an exotic, erotic dish to keep the passion burning in your love life. From Scotland: The Condom Haggis.

- Ingredients:
- 1 Rubber: Soiled
  - 2 Diced carrots
  - Flour
  - Goats Milk
  - 1 Cow Brain

### Method:

Boil condom until soft. Puree all other ingredients and fill condom. Serve chilled. Great as a post coital experience.

Greasy and Splinter



# SPORT

## INTERHALL SPORT

The interhall sport competition of 1991 is well on its way. Earlier this semester, the swimming and softball were won by Johns, whilst BURGman won both the tennis and inward bound. BURGman also looks set to take out the netball, having already gone through three rounds undefeated.

The INTERHALL RUGBY LEAGUE competition began two weeks ago. In the first round, Johns took on B&G. Johns scored an early try when ex-ressie Pete McNiell ran through some weak defence crossing the line near the posts. Just before half time, B&G's five eighth and captain Joey Biscup chip kicked over the Johns defence for a try which levelled the score. On the whole it was a fairly even game throughout. But Johns' speedy inside center, Jimmy Laurent, was able to snatch two intercept tries in the second half to ensure a Johns victory with a scoreline of 22-6.

Then BURGman, last years winners, took on Ursies. Ursies through everything at BURGman and were leading 8-6 with fifteen minutes to go. But as usual BURGman never gave up and saved their best to last, running in two late tries to win 16-8.

Bruce played Toad in the final match of the round and although it was evenly contested, Bruce was always ahead and had a comfortable win. Commiserations to Sean Ho who broke his collar bone and wont play again this season.

In the second round Toad overcame Ursies and Bruce Hall defeated B&G to remain undefeated thus far. All eyes were on last years finalists, BURGman and Johns. Having won the competition for the last three years, BURGman started as favourites and put first points on the board with

a smart try out wide. Johns hit back straight away with a try under the posts resulting from a dropped high ball in the in-goal area. Johns led 8-6 at half time and increased their lead in the second half to 14-6 with David Campbell crashing through the BURGman defence. Although BURGman never gave in a late tight head scrum win allowed the Johns backs a final chance to score with the end margin being 20-6.

The last time BURGman lost a league match was in the 1987 grand final and the last time BURGman was beaten by Johns is unknown. After two rounds Bruce and Johns remain undefeated.

## RUGBY

Bolstered by the acquisition of two Tongan internationals University first grade improved on their previous two weeks performances, going down two the ACTRU competition leaders Tuggeranong by 21 points. Leading 6-4 at half time ANU were well and truly in the match but as has been the case for most of the season the side went off the boil in a big way in the second half. Uni's forward pack were strong all day and matched the Vikings eight with the two new recruits and Bruce "Moose" Petit adding strength to our scrum and a certain amount off ball from the lineouts. James Andrea kicked three penalty goals in his first grade debut, Bambi received the players player award for the match, while Mufi looked mean all day. David Snowden, Ian Fowler (two weeks in a row) and James O'Donnell received players

player mugs in other grades.

Last weekend a courageous ANU 15 went down to Royals 19-9. Again leading at the half time, this time by six points, the now familiar pattern of losing concentration in the latter stages of the game occurred. The very vocal and reasonably well lubricated ANU support urged on the blue and white pigs as they proceeded to drive the Royals pack all over the field. This time the whole pack played extremely well with Beeper, Tom Newby, and new cap Peter Carter dominating in the loose while Moose, The Lord, Steve Jones, Mufi, and Bambi providing a solid base from which the ANU backline could fire. Unfortunately Royals scored two tries late in the second half in the space of about five minutes and University's fate was sealed. Coach Max Crosier blames the length of the game of rugby saying that his team can only play 40, and this week 60 minutes each Saturday

## SOCIAL

The rugby club "Gentlemen" dinner will be held on the eighth of June and attendance is compulsory. No one should be in the vicinity of the West Belconnon Soccer Club on that night during the twelve or so hour period after 7.30pm.

**NB** IF YOU WANT YOUR SPORT REPORTED IN WORONI PLEASE DROP RESULTS OR REPORTS INTO THE SPORTS UNION OR THE S.A. OFFICE OR CON-

TACT ME ON 2952082.

## WORONI SPORTS PROFILE

NAME: Max Crosier.

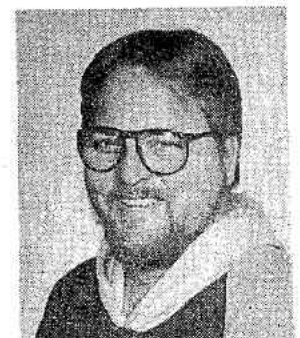
NICKNAME: Crow

POSITION:

ANU Rugby 1st 15 - Coach.

HEIGHT: 6'1"

WEIGHT: 110 kg



EXPERIENCE:

Player 1975 - 1987  
Various Clubs  
Coach 1988 - 1991  
Lived hard, played hard,  
drank hard,  
Just generally lard

TALENTS:  
Many and Varied

FAULTS:  
None, a Magnificent Human Being.

ROLE MODEL:  
JABBER THE HUT

CAREER (AIMS):  
Own My own Death Star

DREAMS/ASPIRATIONS:  
Make Moose do the 100m in even time  
Give the wooden spoon to another club in '91

JEREMY WILCOX

# THE FRONT PAGE

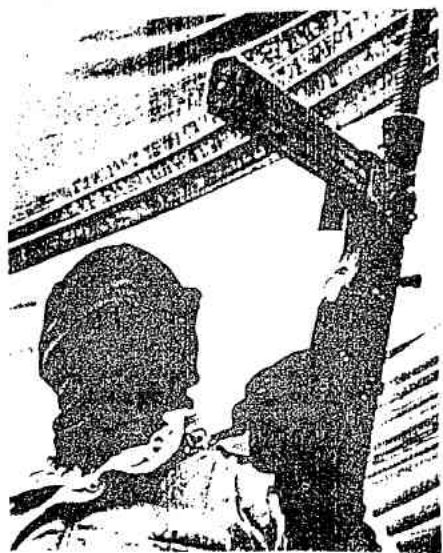
## LOCAL NEWS

### Canberra

Prime Minister Cleese announced the official opening of Parking Inspector season at Parliament house yesterday. He said, "Parking Inspector hunting has always been a valuable source of revenue for Canberra in the past, and this year it promises to be even bigger". At the official opening was veteran American hunter Dwayne Hanrahan who offered the following advice for those people new to the sport but keen to get involved with the carnage. "Dont be afraid to be brutal because these guys are heartless bastards themselves. The best speed to run over an inspector is about sixty five kilometers per hour. Any faster and they die too quickly, so sixty five is about enough to cause serious internal injury, perhaps some severe bleeding and brain damage and most importantly extreme pain. Dont be surprised if they're still moving after one hit, you may have to reverse over them a few times but I think this just adds more to the entertainment of the sport. Now these inspectors are a remarkable

creature because they're very shy and tend to hide in dark corners and then they just appear from nowhere. So be on the lookout at all times. I always like to strike them with blunt metal rods or simply the car door as I'm driving past to stun them, then as they try to crawl away I run over their legs to imobalize them. After that it only takes five or six strikes of a wooden mallet across the skull to finish them off. I once bagged a six-footer using this exact method."

As was the case last year, there were no animal liberationists at the opening. The official spokesman for Greenpeace said, "If only it was possible to find a less humane way to kill the little turds."



Dwayne Hanrahan

### Sydney

The Liberal Party retained government in NSW after the State elections on Saturday. Most people gave as the reason for not voting for Labor that they couldnt accept the concept of ET being Premier. "Bob Carr is the ugliest individual I have ever seen," said Marge Fangston after voting, "NSW would never gain any sort of national or international respect if it was led by a character from a Steven King novel. Nicholus on the other hand has that wry "Cruisian" grin, nice solid shoulders and an extremely cute little bottom so I think he's far more qaulified to be Premier. As for policies, who gives a fuck." Mr Carr has not given a press conference yet, but insiders say he is shattered by the loss and just wanders around the office whispering "Elliot, Elliot, Elliot" in a cracked voice over and over again. On Thursday the Labor Party meets to elect it's new leader and Mr Carr (or Freddy

as he is known by his associates) may have to go back to his old job as a Parking Inspector in Canberra.



Voting Booths on Saturday

## SPORT

The World failed to qaulify for the finals of the "Challenge of the Universe" cup, by going down, 3-0 to God on Friday. Team promoters had held high hopes for the side after they discovered the cure for AIDS, and built a workable "cold fusion" model to generate pollution free power. However, the teams inability to find a cure for the comman cold really restrained them in the second half. The judges were extremely impressed with Gods consistant use of hurricanes and tornados, especially in the Asia region and were most amused by his use of Tidal waves in Bangladesh. In his summing up, judge Shmirtnit of Western Bhgyftegsdlh 5#, said "Nart, Nart, nart hoooooshertinjacterhfiertegfgfgerwgggssgwgwgjsAustralia", much to the amusment of the spectators. God's personal assistant the late great J.C had this to say, "You know he's really been working on his game, and I wouldnt be surprised if we see more incurable viruses, flash flooding followed by drought and possibly some real carnage in the Middle East in the near future.



Artists Impression of God

## WORLD NEWS

### Florida

The political scene in the U.S is in turmoil tonight as it was revealed that a woman was raped at the seaside home of Senator Robert Kennedy. The Senators nephew Bart Kennedy who is alleged to have committed the offence is adamant that no rape occured."I mean, come on for Christ sake", he said yesterday when reporters questioned him in New York where he works as a Parking Inspector. "She wanted me to use the handcuffs and knife. It's got to the stage now where I only have to open a jar of vegemite and people are screaming out rape, let alone smear it all over my body and run through the sea naked foaming at the mouth." If found guilty, Bart faces six months jail, but he has already been compensated for his anguish by selling the film rights of his life story to MGM for 30 Million dollars.

## INSIDE TODAY

**Canberra:** An opinion poll released yesterday showed that Canberrans don't like their local politicians. How fucking surprising.

**Dehli:** Ex-Prime Minister Rajiv Ghandi was killed on Tuesday in a bizarre suicide murder by a woman with explosives strapped to her body. Officials deny claims that the murder was related to Ghandi's former occupation as a Parking Inspector

## GOOD WEEKEND

In todays suppliment:

**SEX:** Is it really safe ?  
How fattening is it ?  
Where can you get it ?  
How much does it cost ?  
Is it any good ?  
Whats it really like ?

I almost did it once but mum walked in and I had to untie the cat and the masking tape stuck to the fur and you should have heard it scream when I ripped it off etc more bullshit etc...

International Correspondant:  
Alister Grierson

# LIFE IN HELL

## YOUR GUIDE TO MODERN LOVE!!!

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Glosin



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- 8 JUL 1991